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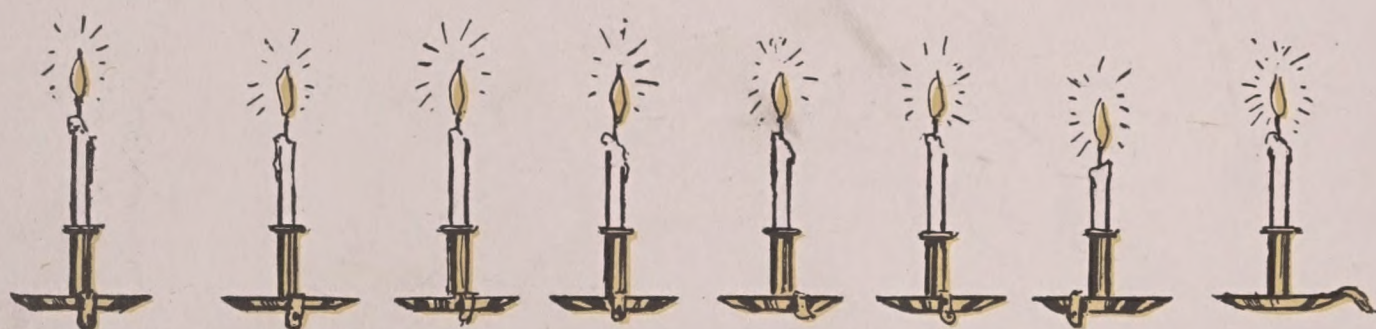


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# NIGHTMARE LAND.

By

G. ORR CLARK.

(Author of

THE MOON BABIES)

Pictures by Caroline Love Goodwin.

R. H. RUSSELL,

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## NIGHTMARE LAND.

Being a veracious account of the Country and how to get there, with some description of the inhabitants and their manners and customs. The children of Every Land, need not fear to enter boldly into this realm, for, though curious and amusing adventures may befall them, the evils of Nightmare have been much exaggerated and the innocent fancies never told. Indeed it has been a wholly unexplored and unchronicled continent. The trouble is that cook has heretofore been allowed the prerogative of arranging the itinerary of the tours, and it has been so unsystematic and irregular that many have abandoned the journey midway, or, proceeding, have been stranded in that bourne. Any who have succeeded in straggling back have told such confused tales that they have been utterly worthless as historians. Therefore, I have set down this truthful recital, for the sake of those who have never been there, those whose memories need refreshing, and those who want directions to Nightmare Land.

*G. Orr Clark.*





**I**t's time to go to bed, turn up your weary soles,  
And button up your eyes in their satin buttonholes!





# NIGHTMARE LAND







**H**ow do you get to Nightmare Land?  
On the pony, Counterpane,  
You leap on his back and away you go  
Clutching his tassel mane,  
He's made of the bundled bedclothes  
The quilt-fringe is his rein  
He whisks you around Pie Corner  
Then he gallops down Pudding Lane.

Your Nightmare is your crib, my child,  
And he jumps straight through the moon,  
His woodeny ribs go creaking along  
A strange uncanny tune,  
You go a thousand miles or so  
Ridiculously soon,  
And then you two come racing back  
In a rollicking rigadon!





**O**h Nightmare Land is a perfect bane!  
By Mince-Pie Road and by Tartlet Lane,  
You go, but you never return again  
By the same old twist and the same old pain.  
With distorted creatures from your own brain  
You walk and you bounce and you fly and strain  
Past fields of wild and enchanted grain  
But as for me - for me, I'm fain  
Not to go to Nightmare Land.

By Pickle Town and by Crackerville  
By Olive Orchard and Rum-Sauce Rill  
Past Turnover Field and Plumcake Hill,  
You climb and climb and climb until  
You've had your feast and had your fill,  
You roam and the Wer-wolves try to kill  
You, and you wake with a scream that is loud and shrill  
Only in Nightmare Land.

You leap o'er a Brandy Waterfall  
Through a Lobster Mound and you call and call  
For the small retainers of Candy Hall  
There Goblins fierce and wild and tall  
Hurl you over an awful wall  
And you fall, and fall, and fall, and fall,  
And wake with a scream that's no scream at all  
Way down in Nightmare Land!



**I** look abroad just after nine,  
And in the heavens see the shine  
Of the little pleasant moon  
Making, of the night-time, noon.  
And as I look, I think that I  
Would like to jump clear to the sky!  
And then toboggan down a beam  
Of moon, and past the Isle of Dream  
Go skimming on the snowy white  
Slide of opalescent light.  
The little crescent moon we'd take  
And a gay toboggan make,  
Then we'd go and sit inside  
And down to earth we'd swifly glide!



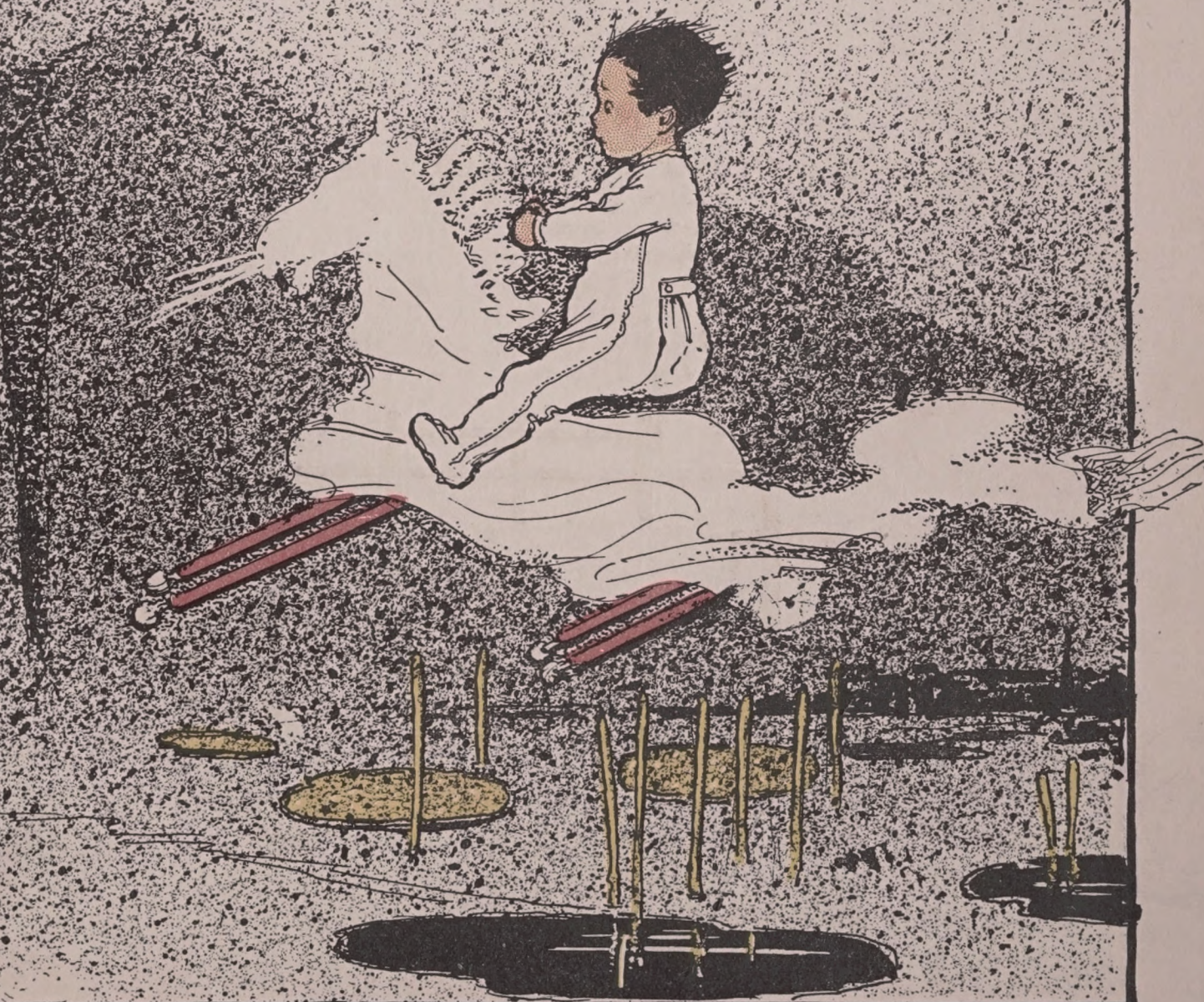


Oh the way to Nightmare Land  
Is to take the Nut-Cake road  
The Plum Pudding Route is the way you go,  
With tons and tons of a load.

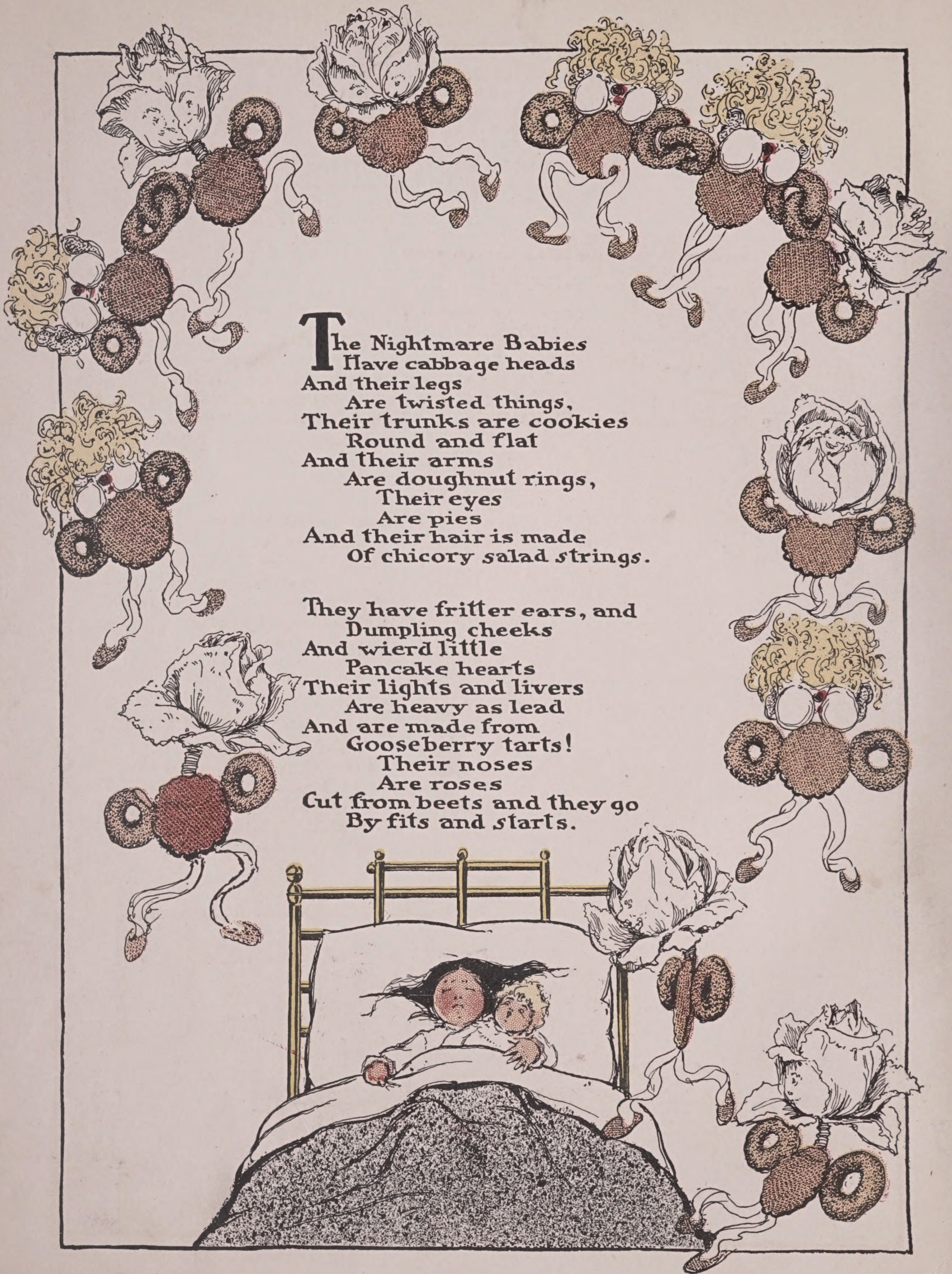
You stop at the Bottomless Pit, I hear.  
And fly to the sky, of course;  
Up the peaks down the precipice,  
You skim on your awful horse.

The Ponds are soup and the lakes are pies  
And the trees are long cheese-sticks  
The Cities are built of Buckwheat Cakes,  
And sausage instead of bricks.

Oh the runaway steed that carries you  
Is a Bucking Bronco, too,  
And the worst of it is that you are not you,  
And yet again you are wholly you,  
Then, somehow, You are not you!







**T**he Nightmare Babies  
Have cabbage heads  
And their legs  
Are twisted things,  
Their trunks are cookies  
Round and flat  
And their arms  
Are doughnut rings,  
Their eyes  
Are pies  
And their hair is made  
Of chicory salad strings.

They have fritter ears, and  
Dumpling cheeks  
And wierd little  
Pancake hearts  
Their lights and livers  
Are heavy as lead  
And are made from  
Gooseberry tarts!  
Their noses  
Are roses  
Cut from beets and they go  
By fits and starts.





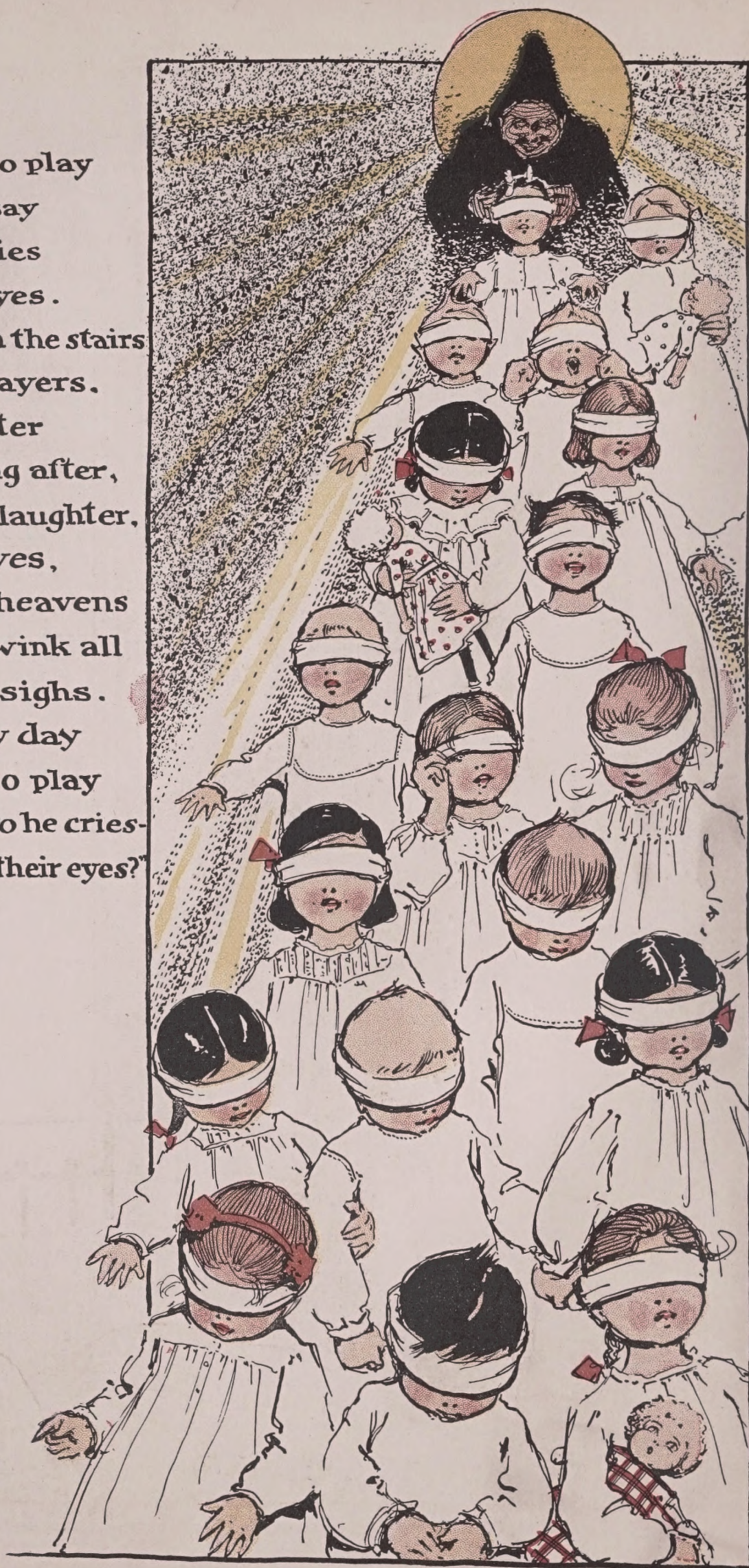
Close the little white  
shutters  
Over the baby's eyes  
Shut the Night  
From the baby's sight  
The big, black Night  
With his jeers and cries.

What is the little  
shutter?  
That is the tiny lid,  
That hides the bright  
Eye-window's light  
So its bright light  
Is safely hid.

The Night's great face is  
fearsome,  
The stars, his shining eyes,  
The moon is his smile,  
It measures a mile  
When he chooses to smile  
From the skies!



**T**he Sandman wants to play  
"Blindman's Buff" they say  
So a kerchief snug he ties  
Over twenty million eyes.  
Then they tinkle down the stairs  
Like a rill, the little players.  
And under ceil and rafter  
The Night goes foll'wing after,  
With a wink at all the laughter,  
Out of forty million eyes,  
That sprinkle all the heavens  
With a twinkle and a wink all  
Full of fun at sleepy sighs.  
At the close of every day  
The Sandman wants to play  
"Blindman's Buff"-and so he cries-  
"Come, who wants to blind their eyes?"





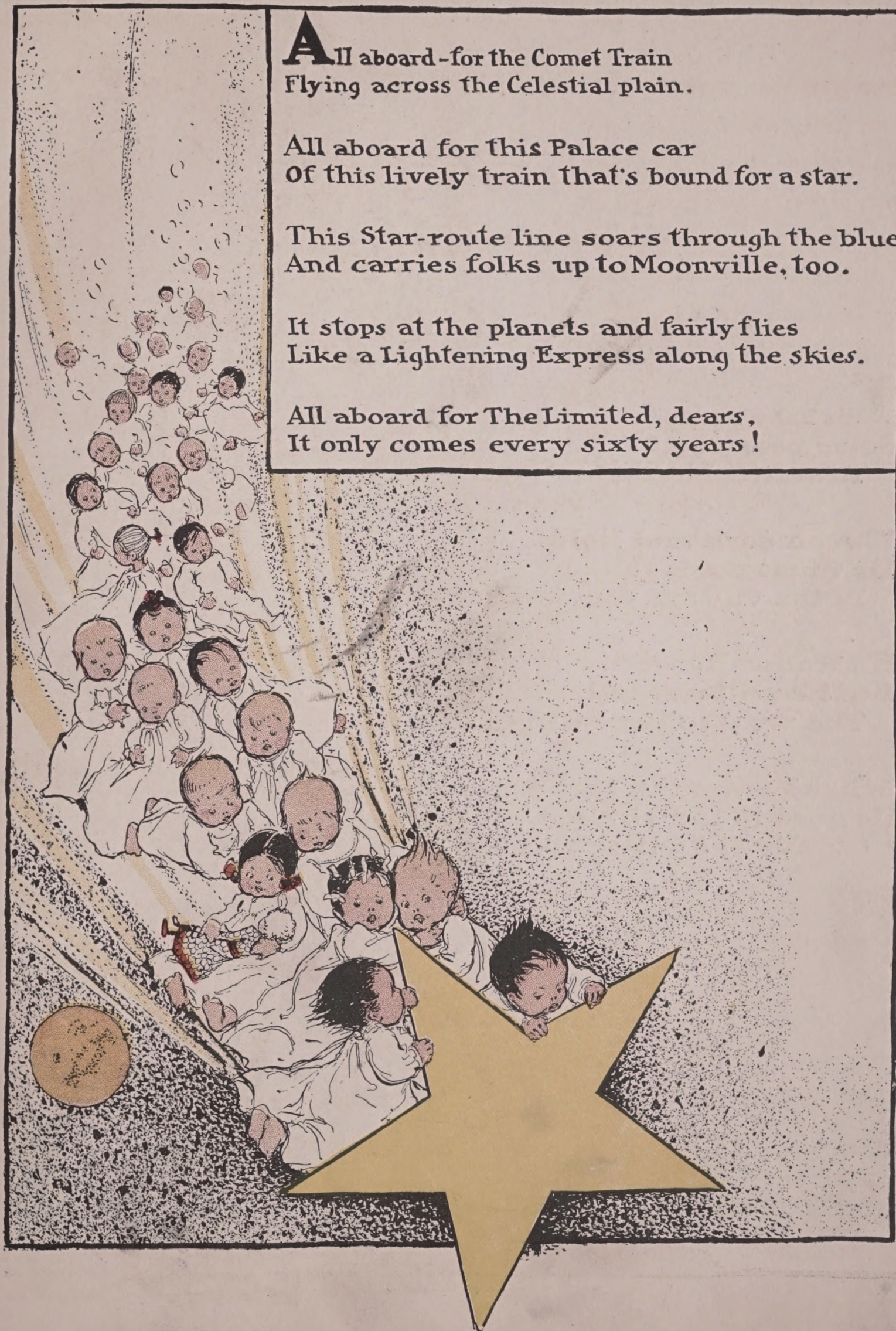
**A**ll aboard - for the Comet Train  
Flying across the Celestial plain.

All aboard for this Palace car  
Of this lively train that's bound for a star.

This Star-route line soars through the blue  
And carries folks up to Moonville, too.

It stops at the planets and fairly flies  
Like a Lightening Express along the skies.

All aboard for The Limited, dears,  
It only comes every sixty years!







**T**his baby needs  
Some poppy seeds  
To scatter him off to sleep.


'Tween dark and light,  
He must walk tonight  
In the valleys dim and deep.

He knows it well,  
But he will not tell  
The way to the Land of Dreams.

When he wants a change,  
He goes to the strange  
Old City of So-it-seems!







**P**oppyville is down the Lane  
Of Musical-Sighs and laughter.  
The Babies know  
Which way to go  
But no one follows after!

Over the stiles of the high crib sides,  
Down a turnpike of sheeny white,  
They go when bid,  
On Coverlid,  
The creamy horse of the night!





**T**he Witch Children come in the night  
With whistles to blow out the light,  
They curdle the cream  
They make babies dream,  
Then, on Broomstick-the steed, take their flight.

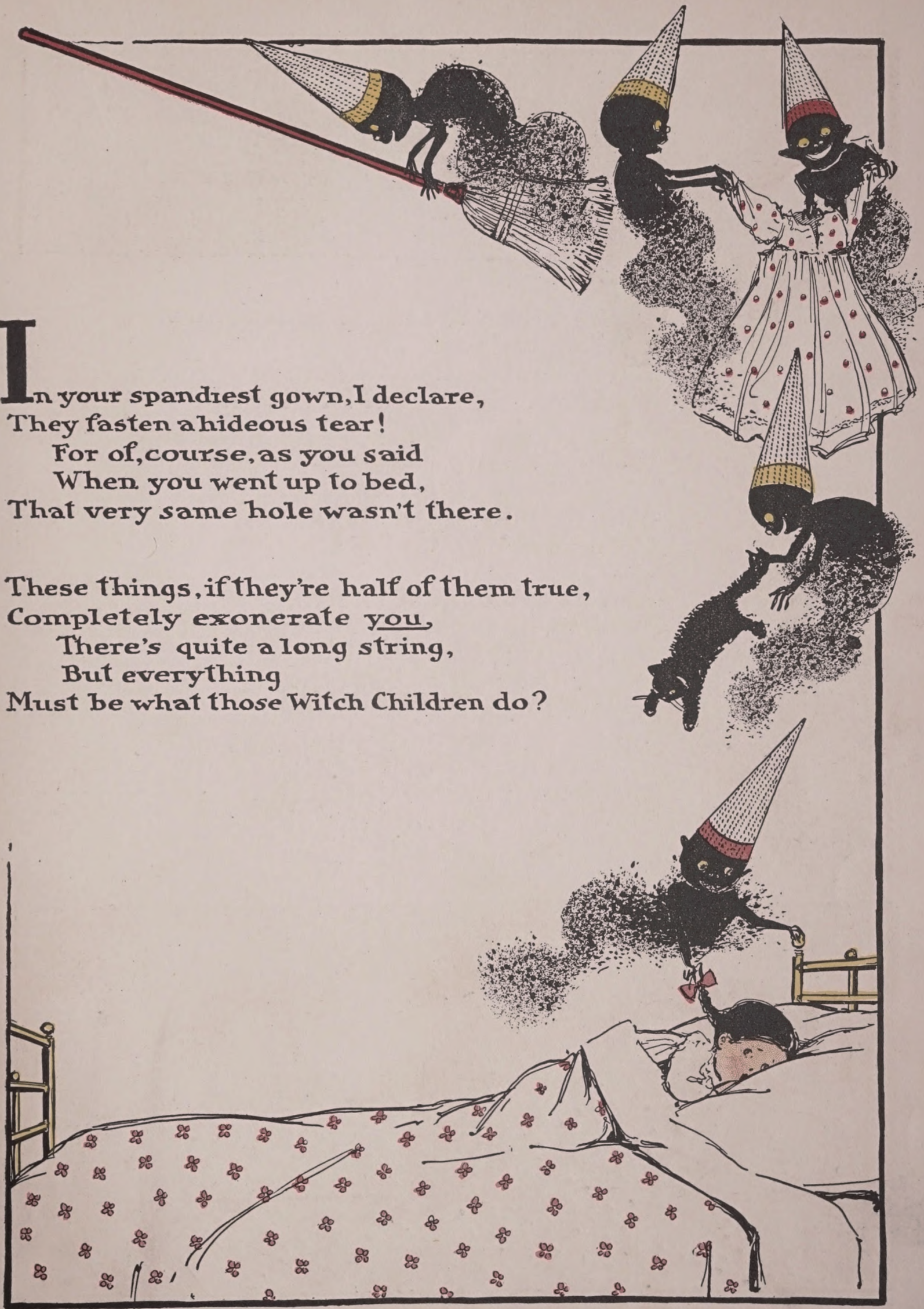
They pinch your small nose with a jerk,  
Then up on the bedpost they perk,  
Upset all the jugs  
And drain all the mugs,  
They double and treble the work.





**I**n your spandiest gown, I declare,  
They fasten a hideous tear!  
For of, course, as you said  
When you went up to bed,  
That very same hole wasn't there.

These things, if they're half of them true,  
Completely exonerate you,  
There's quite a long string,  
But everything  
Must be what those Witch Children do?







**W**hen then the Night-man comes  
To play "I spy",  
When the Night-man comes  
From his garret in the sky,

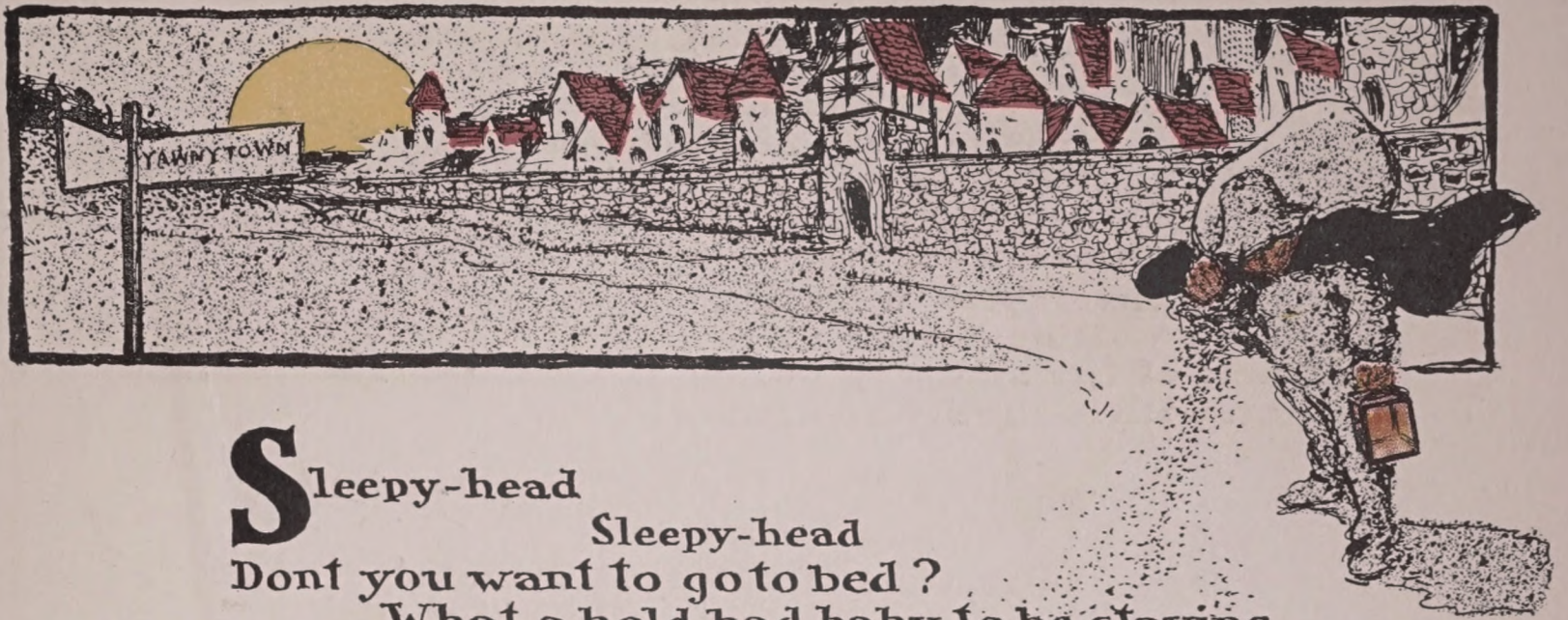
He puts a little 'kerchief  
On your eye, eye, eye,  
And then he runs away  
And hides - oh my!

And he counts just twelve,  
And he says, "don't peep"  
And you all tumble off  
Of the edge of sleep.

When you open up your eye,  
You may cry, "I spy"!  
But you'll never catch the  
Night-man in the sky.







**S**leepy-head  
 Sleepy-head  
 Dont you want to go to bed?  
 What a bold bad baby to be staying  
 up so late!  
 The sandman's coming down  
 From the cots of Trottytown,  
 And you have shut your eyes and gone  
 to sleep down here instead.

**S**leepy-head  
 Sleepy-head!  
 Dont you want to go to bed?  
 What a funny baby to be staying up so  
 late!  
 The Sandman's coming down  
 Past the lawns of Yawnytown-  
 Go to the Aunt, thou sluggard, and be  
 carried off to bed!





**L**et's ladle the babies into the broth—  
The broth of the night and dark-time,  
Let's stir them up in the moonbeam froth,  
The froth of the stars and spark-time.  
Let's take for a ladle  
A little old cradle,  
And scoop up the babies to dream,  
So they will be done  
At time of the sun  
To be eaten with kisses and cream!





**R**ockaby off on the Rocker Route,  
Sleepykins go to sleep,  
And you and I and the dream-fays  
Shall gallop and trot and leap.

Hush little Stars of the Night-time  
Don't "whisker", don't laugh, don't speak  
And we will go in the chanting chair,  
The chair with the beautiful squeak.

I remember the rowdy old rocker  
When I was a "little folks" too,  
When Auntie sang me the old, old songs,  
And I and the world were new.

We used to go by the Rocker Route,  
In a jiffy, we two were there,  
The nursery walls went hurrying past  
The wonderful squeaking chair.

The scenery flew, and just we two  
Went flying up to a star -  
Then back again, with a swing and dip,  
Over the cloud roads far.

Back in such slowly dying curves,  
Down over valley and peak  
I and the world together swung,  
In the chair with the beautiful squeak!







**Y**ou must take the cradle curtain  
And fashion such a sail  
Add a rudder, to be certain,  
And let it face the gale;  
Let the tiny "skipper"  
Go dipping to the "dipper,"  
On a blast of perfume, and through the comet's tail.

Take the curtain stick and make it  
Such a tall and stately mast!  
Bid the Baby go and take it  
Till the night has all been past;  
And when the little sailor  
Wakens with a wail or  
Scream for breakfast-bottles we will rescue him at last.

By the light-house moon he floundered,  
Such a welcome friendly sight!  
And he very nearly foundered  
'Neath a wave of covers white;  
He ran the sea of umber  
And dangers without number  
And pointed star-rocks grazed him ere he landed here at light.





**S**ometime I'll take the saffron moon  
And make a clever, fat balloon,  
Little streaks of star-shine, I  
Will fasten on the basket by.  
The basket shall be woven clouds  
And we will sail above the crowds,  
We will pass the planets pale  
With a merry little Hail,  
Landing in our car of buff  
When we've seen the world enough,  
Frightening all our parents so  
They will beg us not to go -  
But they really must not grieve  
Since it's only "make believe"!

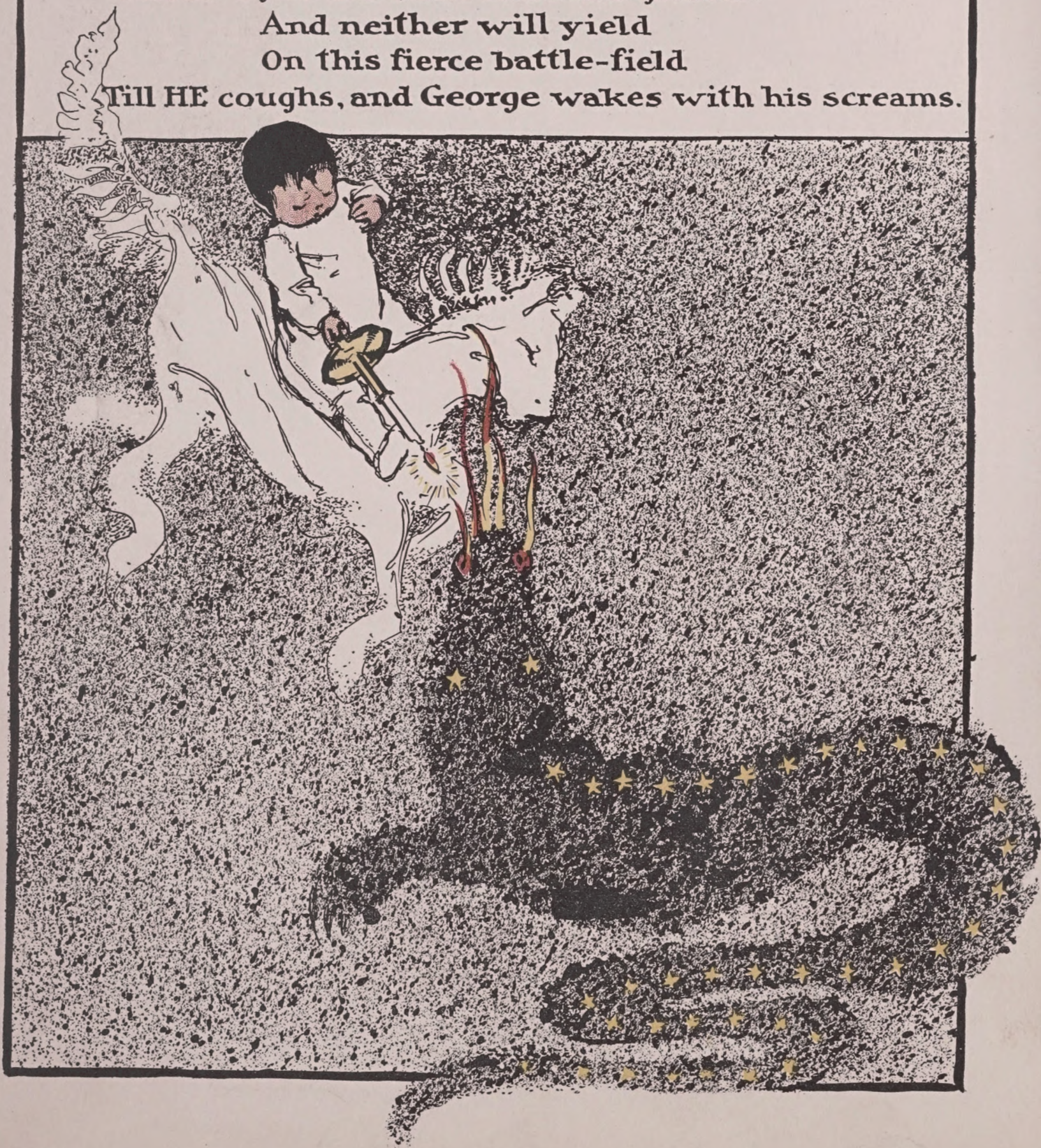


**W**hen our little Saint George is undressed-  
(A saint-well who ever had guessed!)

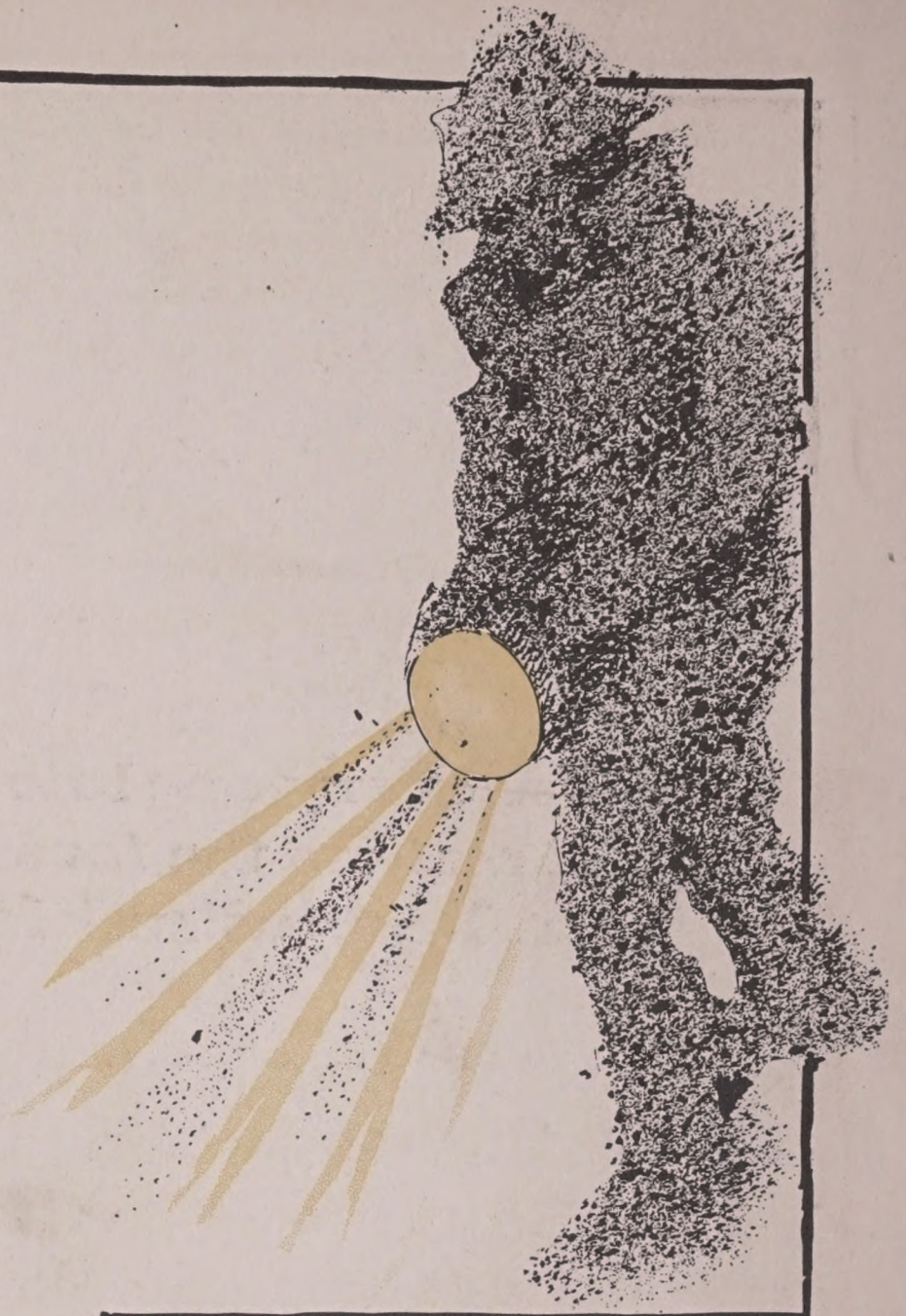
We give him a light  
And he travels all night  
Of lively adventures in quest.

He tilts at the Dragon of Dreams,  
Whose eyes are such diamond gleams!

And neither will yield  
On this fierce battle-field  
Till HE coughs, and George wakes with his screams.








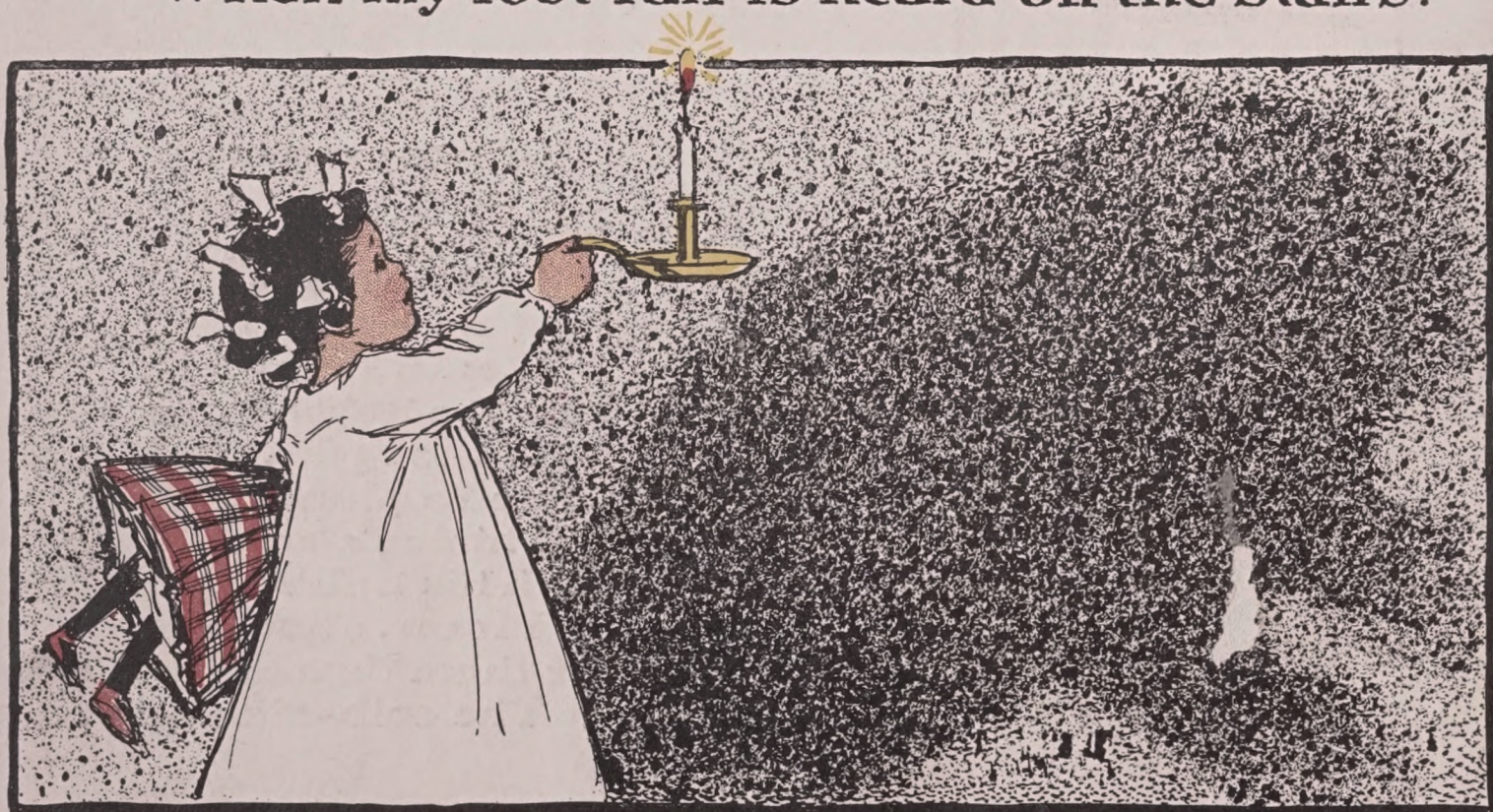
**T**wo turquoise are  
My little eyes,  
Like two jewels  
Softly hid,  
In their tiny  
Caskets-so-  
Shut down tight  
'Neath satin lid;  
Lest the Robber  
Of the Night,  
Come to plunder  
Shining stars,  
With his Bull's-Eye  
Moon, should creep  
For them through  
The crib-side bars.





**W**hen I go to bed in the night,  
I start with a beautiful light,  
For every one knows  
It scatters the foes  
That bring us such fear and such fright.

Oh this is my torch and it scares  
All the hideous lions and bears,  
That prowl in the dark,  
But flee from this spark  
When my foot-fall is heard on the stairs!





**I** dreamed I was a custard pie,  
With covers creamy white,  
And my internal workings were  
So very nice and light.

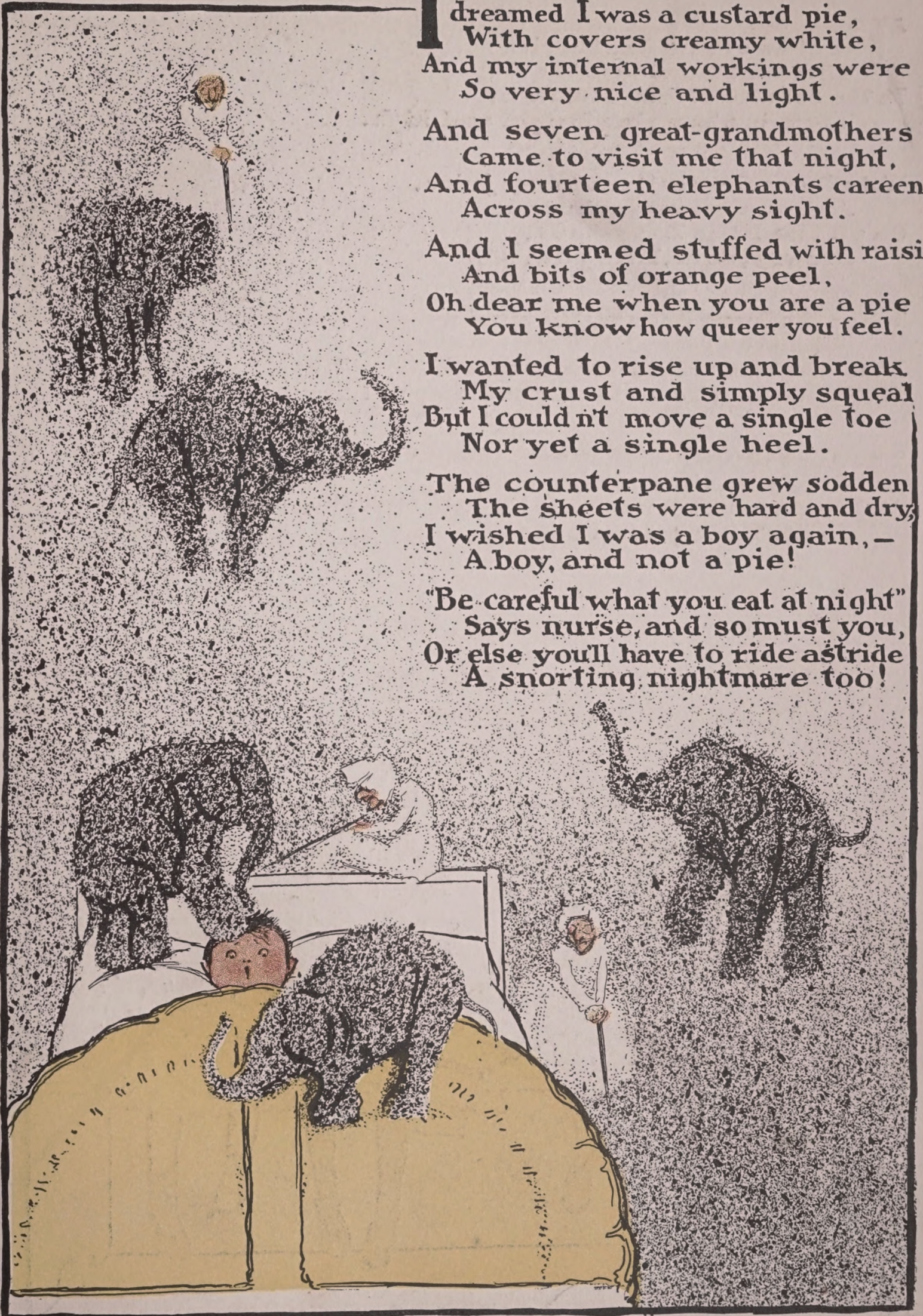
And seven great-grandmothers  
Came to visit me that night,  
And fourteen elephants careened  
Across my heavy sight.

And I seemed stuffed with raisins  
And bits of orange peel,  
Oh dear me when you are a pie  
You know how queer you feel.

I wanted to rise up and break  
My crust and simply squeal  
But I couldn't move a single toe  
Nor yet a single heel.

The counterpane grew sodden  
The sheets were hard and dry,  
I wished I was a boy again, —  
A boy, and not a pie!

"Be careful what you eat at night"  
Says nurse, and so must you,  
Or else you'll have to ride astride  
A snorting nightmare too!



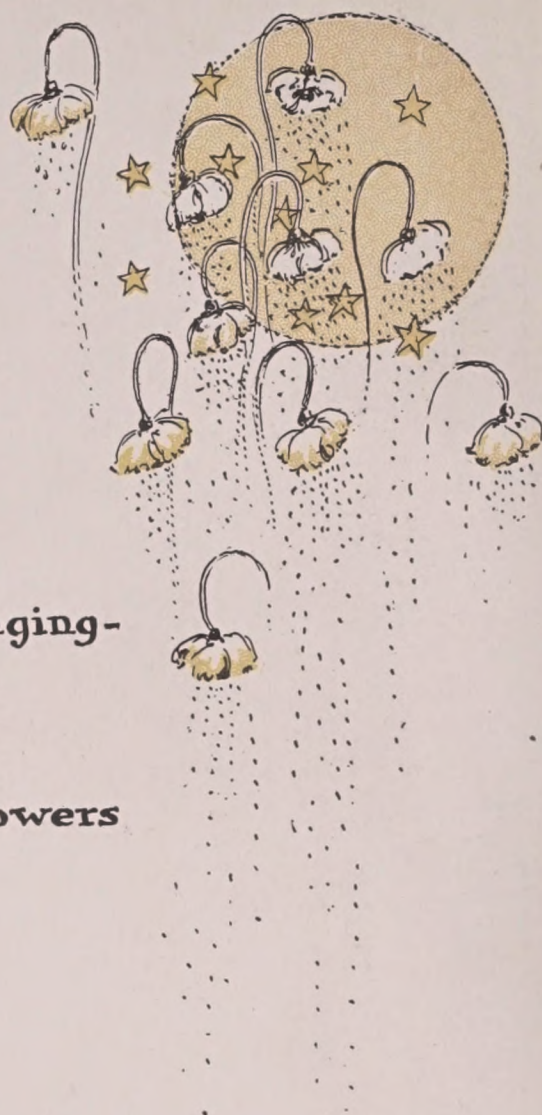


**T**he Stars are Golden Poppies  
That are blooming in the sky  
In the beautiful Moon-Meadows  
They are hanging bright and high.

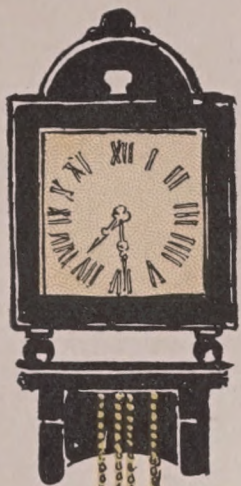
'T is they who scatter sleepy juice,  
And wondrous magic dew,  
On all the little Baby-buds,  
Drowsy, dear, like you.

When the Poppy Bells make music,  
When the Poppy Bells are ringing,  
In wierd and winsome measures,  
When they're swinging and they're flinging-

They are throwing, they are blowing  
Over you, their magic spells,  
And thats what happens when the sky-flowers  
Shake their golden bells!







When the games begin to bore us  
Then we start the Yawning Chorus,  
When the curtains of the night  
Shut away the lovely light  
And when book and toy no more  
Please us with their magic lore  
Ah

ah

ah

ah ahh-h-h-h-h-h-h-

"Yawns are catching" so they say -  
All I know is, they've a way  
Of going stretching down the line  
Till we're a set of robbins fine.  
You must be an athlete to  
Yawn as wide as we can do  
Ah

ah

ah

ah-ahh-h-h-h-h-h-h-





**F**url the dimity sails  
And tie the cane-tree mast!  
The little brown cradle is coming to port,  
Anchor it snug and fast,  
Let it ride  
On the moonbeam-tide,  
Safe from the haunts of men,  
Till the night is past  
And it sails at last  
And the world wakes up again!



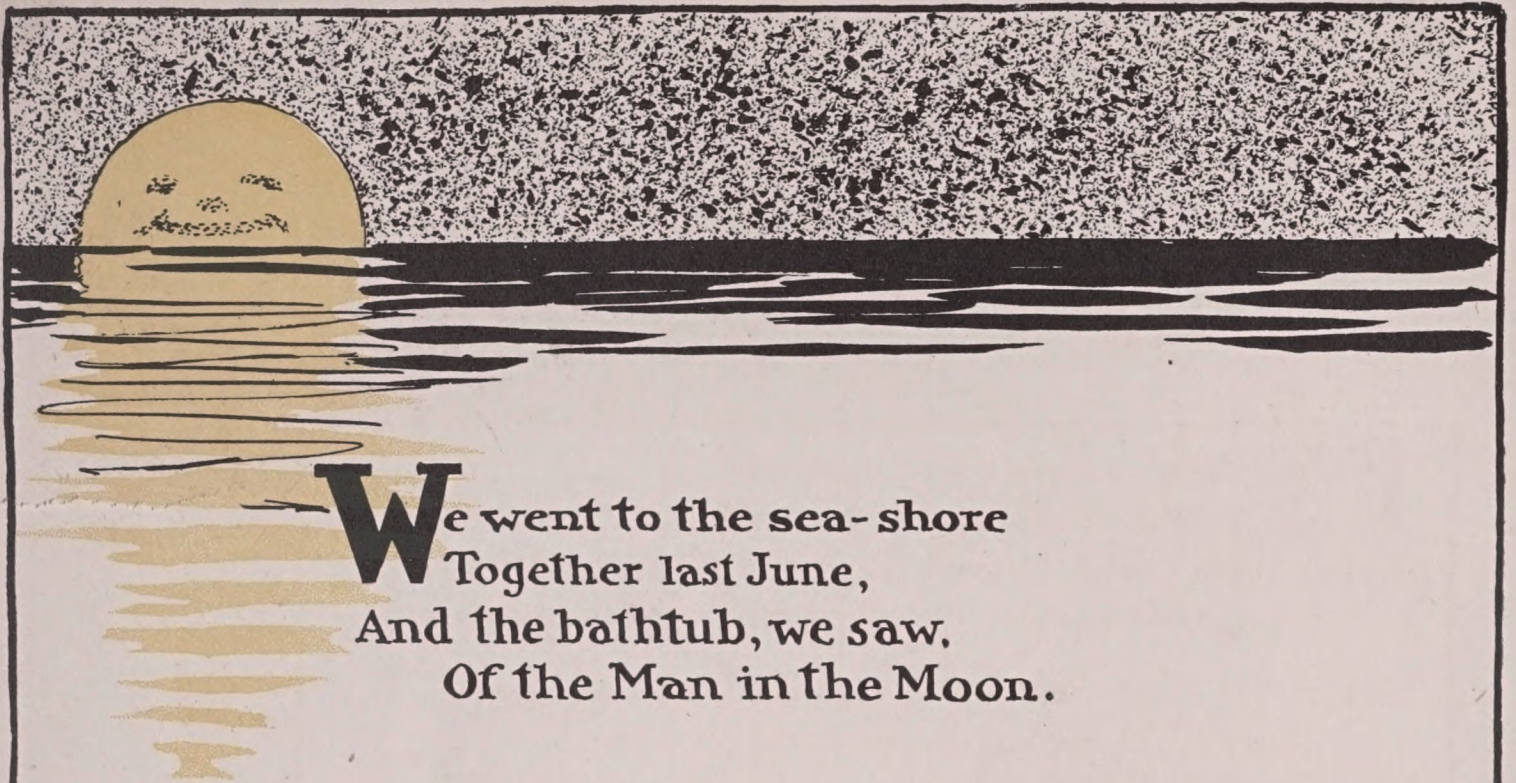


**I**t's Croontime  
It's Moontime,  
Go to sleep, my fairy,  
It's rune time  
It's tune time  
Rock the bough, my cherry,

At laugh time  
At quaff time  
I'll wake you up, my berry,  
At sun time  
At fun time  
You shall make us merry.








**W**e went to the sea-shore  
Together last June,  
And the bathtub, we saw,  
Of the Man in the Moon.

We saw all the sand  
Of the Sandman, I think,  
That's why we grew sleepy  
And fell on the brink.







**T**he moon is a great big cheese  
All yellowish-green and nice.  
(I'm glad that that's been settled at last!)  
The stars are the hungry young mice.  
You will see when the month is all gone  
There' ll be only a single slice,  
While larger and fatter have grown  
The hundred and hungry young mice.





**I** roam down the lane  
 Of the green hall, at night,  
 And the very first thing  
 There's the hat-tree in sight.  
 The Umbrella Plants  
 Are sticking their heads  
 Up from the swamp  
 Of their water-lined beds,  
 The Rubber Plants peeping  
 To look at my face,  
 And curious vines  
 Crawl all over the place,  
 Up the tall sides,  
 Of the banks, either hand,

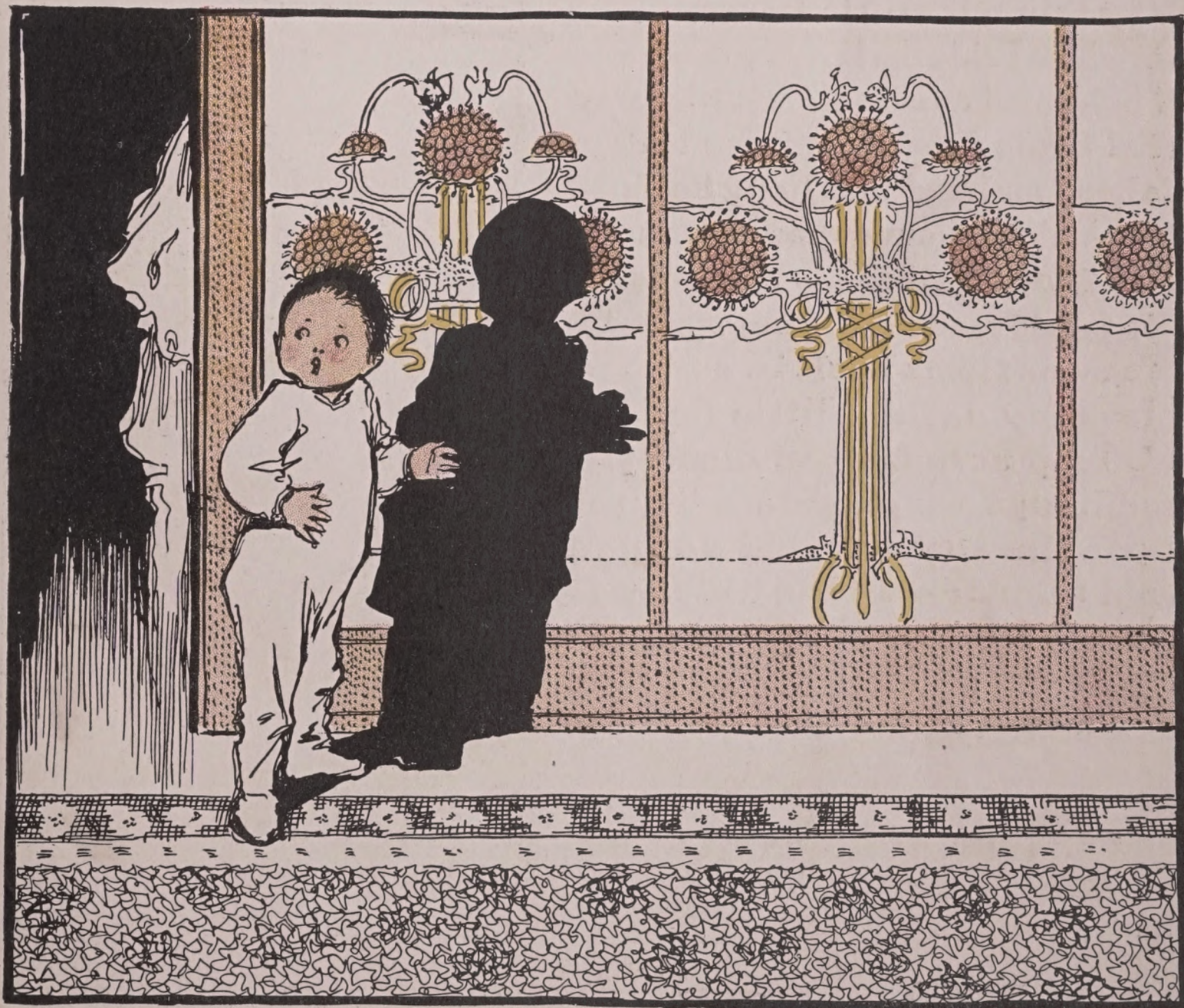
And there in the corner  
 A cane-brake doth stand.  
 Out of this jungle  
 Peep "parasol-flowers,"  
 And fox-gloves made out  
 Of a fox skin of ours.  
 The lovely hat-tree  
 As it grows in that soil  
 Around it has fastened  
 A hideous coil!  
 And IT frightens me most  
 This BOA of fur  
 Ma hangs on the tree -  
 Pa gave it to her.



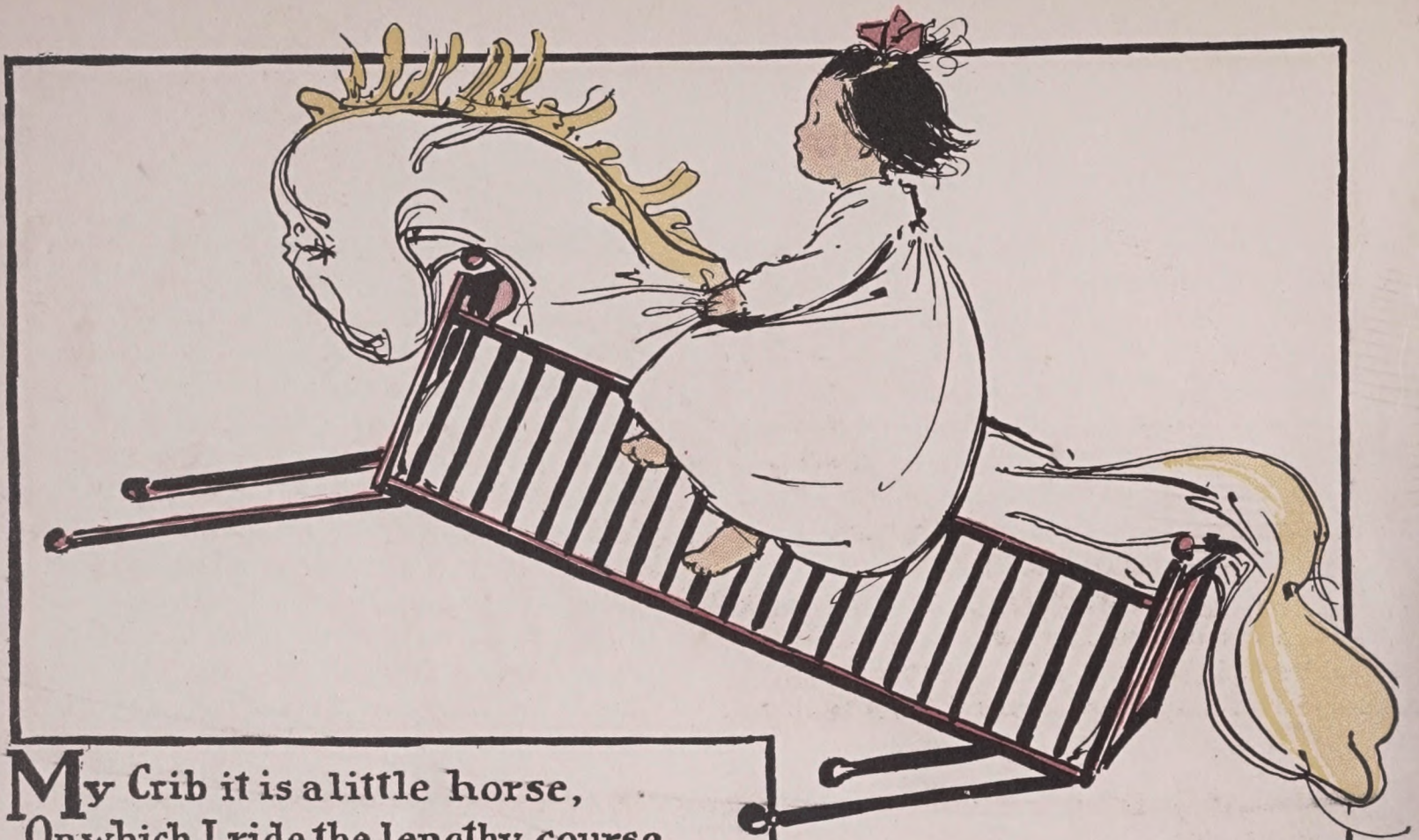


**T**he Hallway to my little room  
 I travel in the dusk and gloom  
 At bedtime, when I go to bed,  
 And when the dear goodnights are said.  
 Alone, I traverse that dim road  
 Along whose darksome sides are sowed  
 The strange wall-paper flowers that peep  
 About the terraces of sleep  
 And there upon that lane I pass  
 My Hobby nibbling at the grass,  
 While I am sure behind each door  
 Will issue soon, a lion's roar!  
 The Hall's Highway, a Bandit gang,  
 Hides carefully, I've heard the bang

Of their old guns, I do declare,  
 It is a trying thoroughfare!  
 But in the morning- oh how odd!  
 The awful stretch, at night, I trod,  
 Becomes the old, familiar way  
 That leads me down to food and play.  
 And as the dining-room appears,  
 I blithely laugh at all my fears.  
 Scramble upon the sofa-bank,  
 Indulge in many a gleeful prank,  
 Kiss all my dear relations twice,  
 And fold my napkin up so nice!  
 And then forget along the way  
 The toilsome, fearsome Hall Highway!



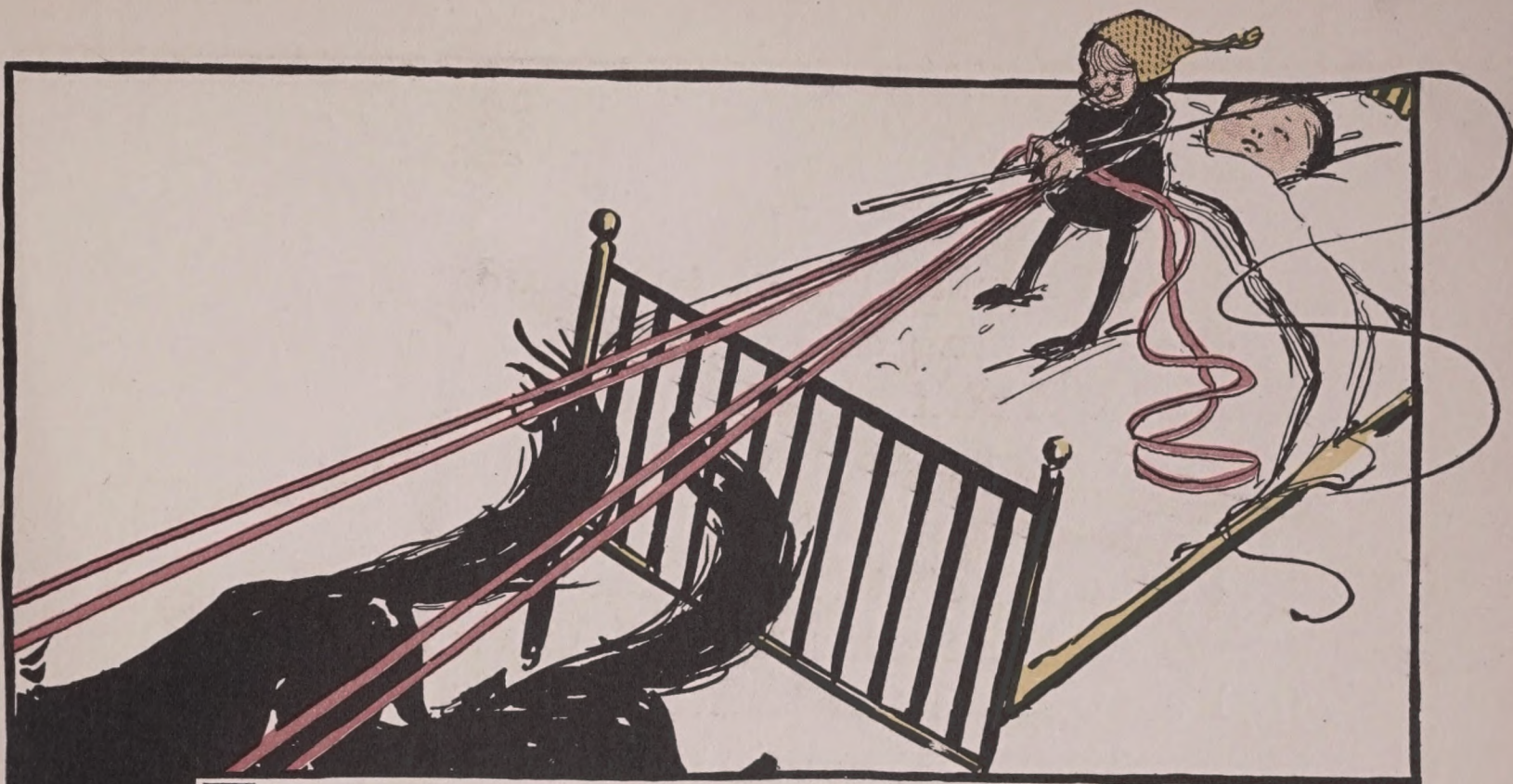




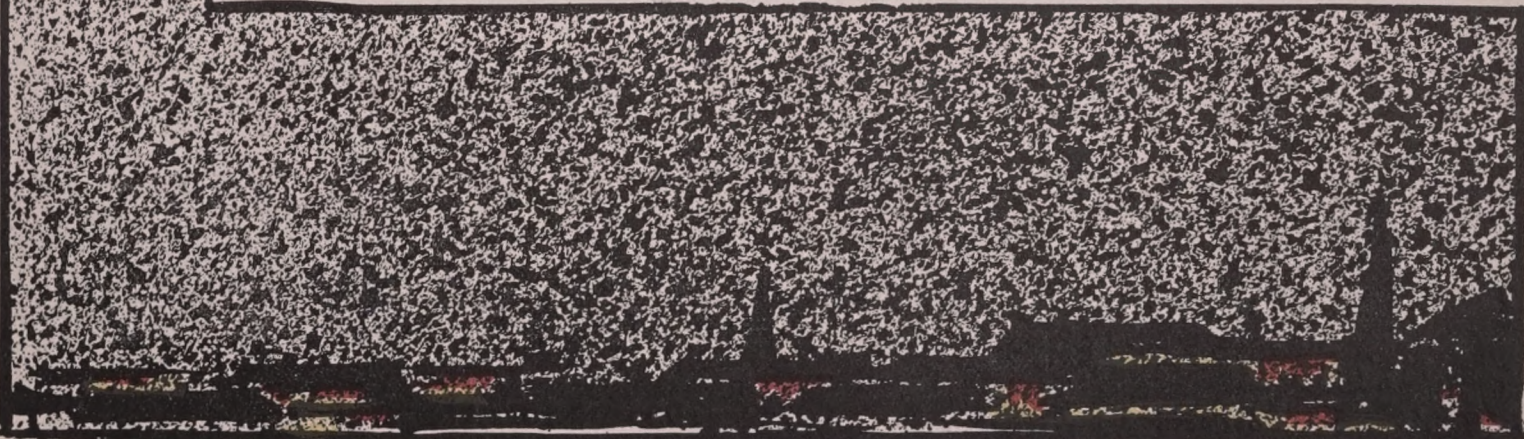
**M**y Crib it is a little horse,  
 On which I ride the lengthy course  
 Of bold and curving dark Highway  
 That leads from Suppertime to Day.  
 He has four hard and hasty hoofs  
 With which to pound the neighbors roofs.  
 The footboard is his neighing head  
 His tail is made of flying spread  
 His mane floats back in such a way  
 I love my dashing little Bay.  
 We leap across great dinner plates  
 For hoops we crack our tiny pates  
 Upon the sky we ride so high—  
 And then across the hills we fly.  
 I really hav' n't such a horse  
 These are pudding thoughts of course!







**I** have an old wagon, folks call it a bed  
That goes every night down to Drowsetown, my head  
Is filled with the pleasure, and soon I am drawn  
By the glittering Nightmares straight into the Dawn.  
I leave all my family with kisses and hugs  
And wrap up my legs in the cosiest rugs,  
My little Dream-Driver tugs hard at the reins  
And away we both fly o'er the white counterpanes!  
Then He stands on my waist-line and "geehaws" some more  
In a way that just sounds like an underbred snore.  
But I know it's Dreams, so I never once mind,  
And we gallop along in the teeth of the wind,  
Then we land in the middle of Most Anywhere,  
We dandle down ridges, and leap through the air  
We skim over lakes and we skate over streams  
And that's how they ride in the Country of Dreams.  
When it's seven o'clock, we hitch up each colt  
And away like the storm we will willingly bolt,  
The rumbling red wagon - they call it a "bed"  
Is hitched at its post - "I am ready I said"  
So shut my eyes tightly - the laprobe's updrawn  
And Ho! for the rosy-red meadows of Dawn.





**H**alf my life I have to spend  
Dressing and undressing, friend,  
And as I button, lace and bend  
It seems to never have an end.

I lose much time in doing this  
And pleasant things I often miss.  
I also hate the name of "Sis"  
And to be asked for "just a kiss".





**L**ife would be beautiful, I think  
If I did not have to drink  
Eat my meals and climb the stairs  
Wash my hands and say my prayers.

Life would be beautiful and grand  
If I did not have to stand  
And read from out a silly book  
While fish were hopping in the brook.

Life would be beautiful, I s'pose,  
If I did not have these clothes,  
And have to dress- and undress, two  
Times in every day, Boo hoo!







**W**e will go,  
Now, to and fro  
On a magic carpet of cloud  
We'll visit the land,  
On every hand  
In a nice three cornered crowd.

An opal ring,  
We'll tilt and swing  
With a lining of cinnabar,  
By Iceland's cape  
A ghostly shape  
We'll float past moon and star.

O'er rivers dim  
And the shining rim  
Of lakes and ponds we'll pass  
Our gentle car  
As seen afar  
A breath on that upturned glass.

Past the Windward Isles  
The silver miles  
We'll slip over forest and snows,  
Till we're blown to bed  
By the wind ahead  
And never a creature knows.

That's the way to travel  
No dust nor gravel  
No ruts to tip the car!  
Oh this is the way  
To see Cathay  
And the edges of Zanzibar!





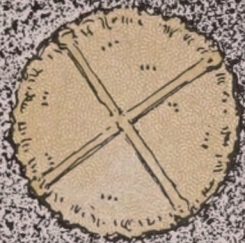
**I**f Night should maroon  
You, my lad, on the moon,  
The terrible Pirate of Night,  
You seize the black rag  
Of his contraband flag  
And signal your horrible plight,  
  
We'd sail the lagoon  
To the wonderful moon  
And rescue you boldly, my lad,  
And we'd bring you home  
Through the roseate foam  
From the Pirates so blust'ring and bad!



At dusk I take the tunnel through  
The Nighttime to the Morning Dew  
Rapid Transit, don't you think?  
When all I do is just to wink!







**T**he Moon is a custard pie  
Hung up in the heavens so high,  
So boys wont fret  
And finally get  
A pain in their by and by.

Oh see the moon in the purple sky,  
The yellow moon that is hung so high!  
First a quarter shows  
Then a half-moon glows  
And at last it's a whole big pie.







**W**ould you like to take the Moon Ship  
And explore the Seas of Sky?  
Do you think you'd be afraid, child,  
To go sailing up so high?

You would see the Cloudy Continents  
The Islands made of Stars  
And wouldn't it be jolly  
To be Jolly Moon Ship Tars!

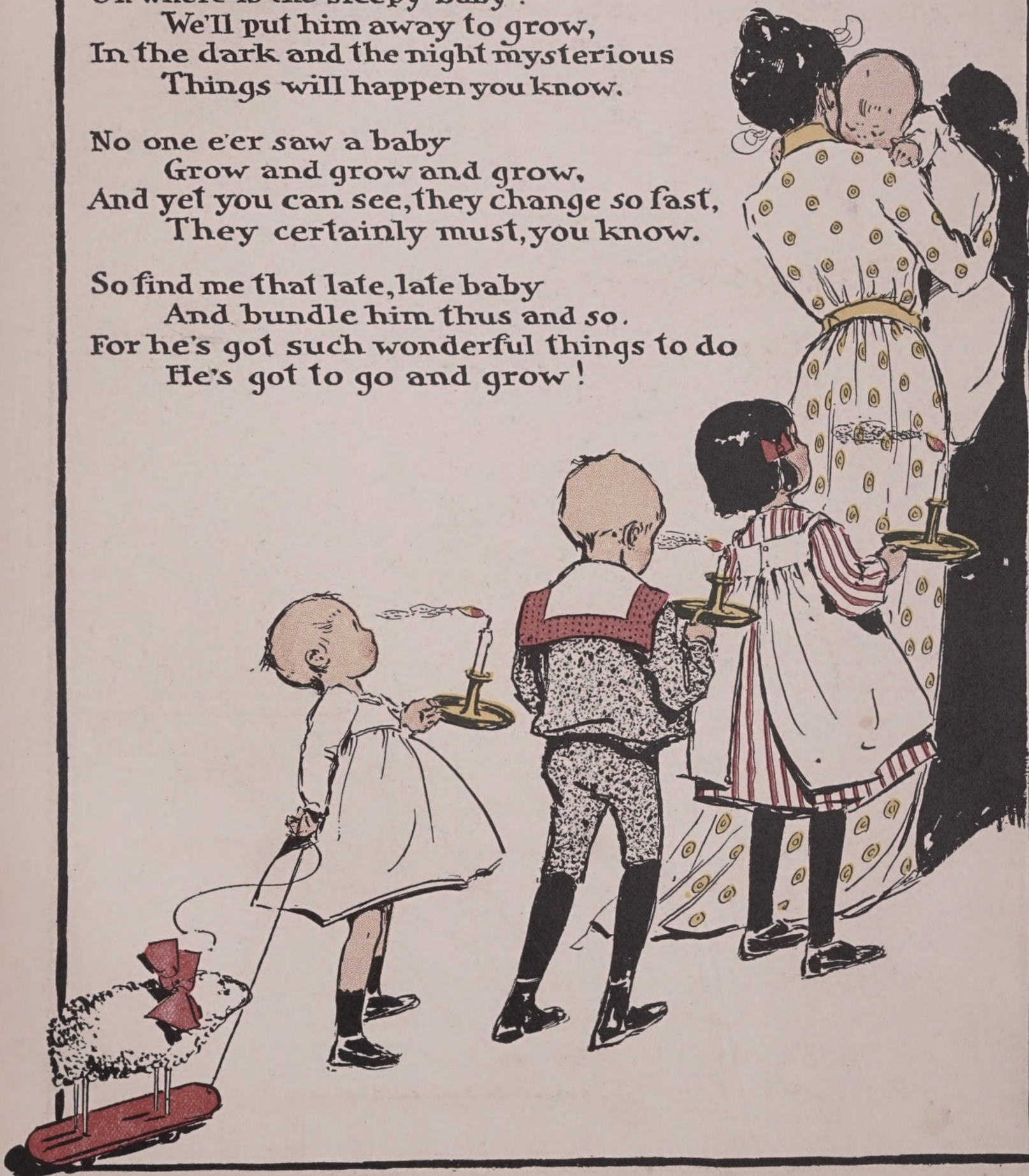


**W**here is the little baby?  
We must put him away to grow  
For who could do such a serious thing  
When people are watching, you know.

Oh where is the sleepy baby?  
We'll put him away to grow,  
In the dark and the night mysterious  
Things will happen you know.

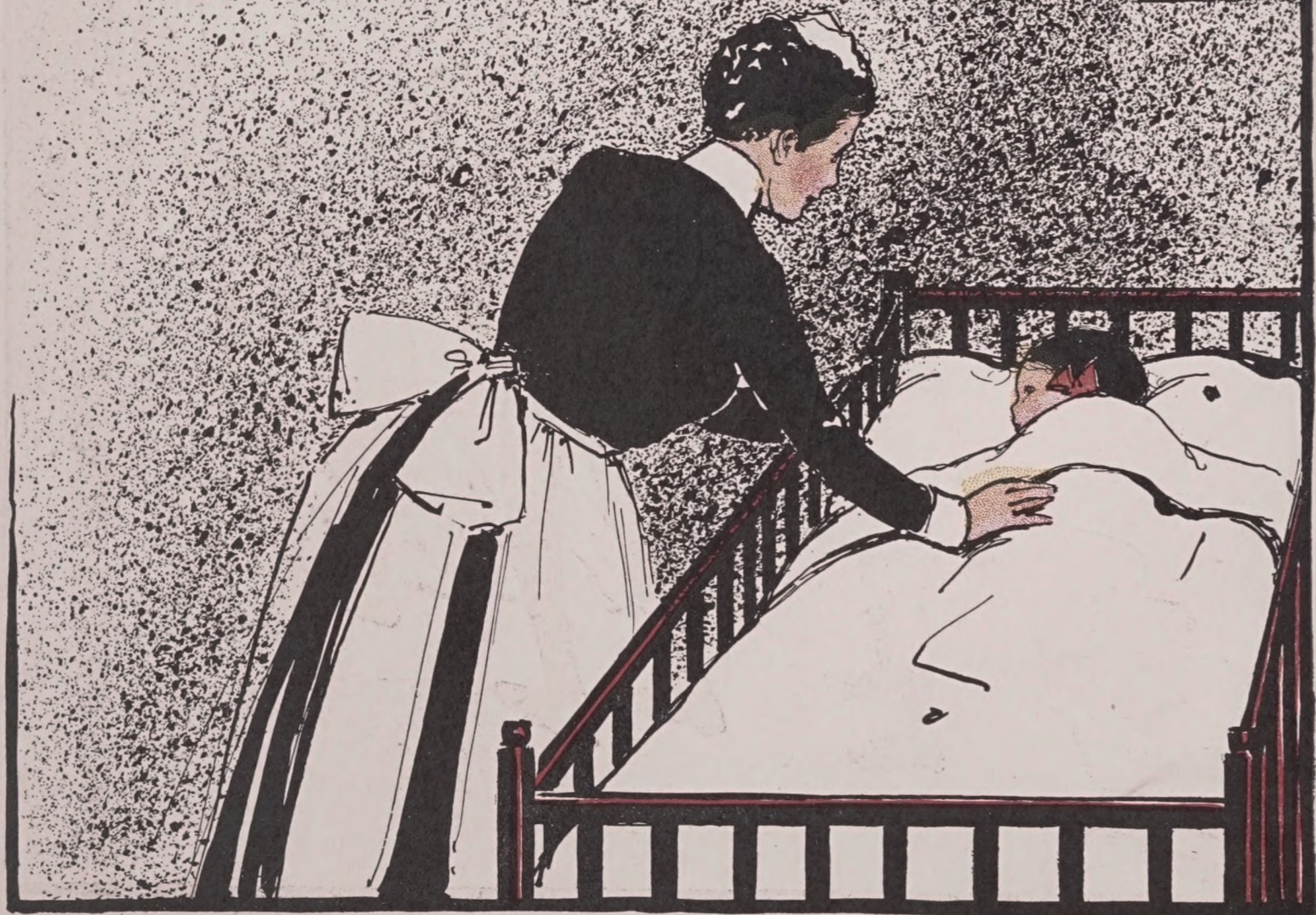
No one e'er saw a baby  
Grow and grow and grow,  
And yet you can see, they change so fast,  
They certainly must, you know.

So find me that late, late baby  
And bundle him thus and so.  
For he's got such wonderful things to do  
He's got to go and grow!



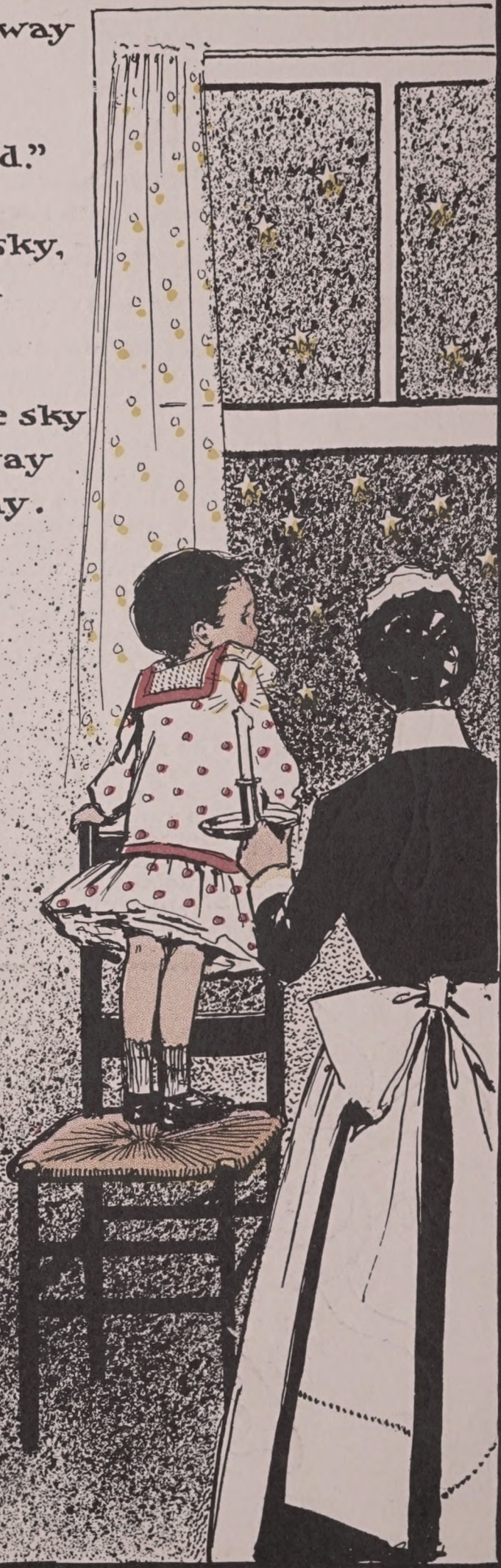


**B**ed Time! Bed Time! The Sleepyman knocks  
It's time to put you up in your little white bed,  
Like a little gold ring in a jeweler's box  
With fleecy cotton all around your head.





**T**he stars once used to have a way  
Of winking at the close of day -  
As if they very slyly said -  
"Here comes the maid, best go to bed."  
Once, all I used to know was, I  
Looked upward at the evening sky,  
And almost straightway after tea  
It was morning - don't you see?  
Now all of this is past, for I  
Have grown much nearer to the sky  
The ground seems very far away  
"He grows so fast" the family say.  
I am so proud to sit up late  
For now I stay till after eight!  
And I have got a sister wee  
Who falls asleep just after tea.



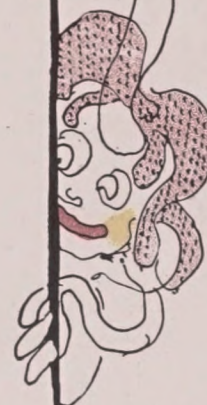
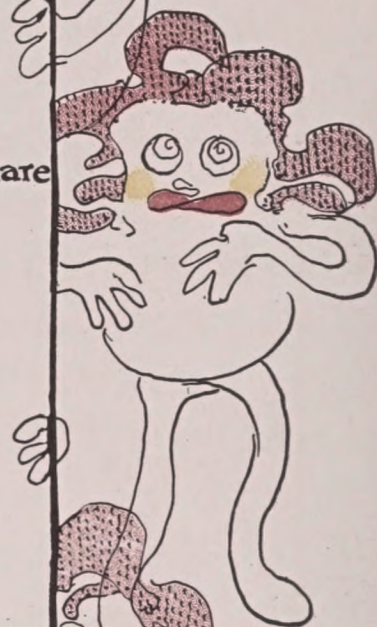




**P**eople with looping Poster hair  
Drive you over the edges there  
And they toss you into the misty air -  
Bubbily people with goggiling stare,  
People who never must seem aware  
That you are living there anywhere,  
And the things they do and the things they dare  
Are really most exceedingly rare  
Any place but in Nightmare Land.

Your father has your mother's head  
And the king and scullery-maid are wed,  
And oh the foolish things they have said!  
The people have twenty arms instead  
Of the usual number, and green and red,  
They roam around with a noiseless tread  
And fill you with such a nameless dread,  
While your heart is made of lead, lead, lead  
Way down in Nightmare Land.

The people of Nightmare are many and few,  
They have pillowy, bolstery figures too,  
And half of their legs a madman drew,  
It's surely enough to frighten you! -  
Composite horrors are they with blue  
And crimson hair - yes every hue;  
It makes the beads of frosty dew  
Stand out on your brow, for they never grew  
Anywhere but in Nightmare Land.





**I** do not think I'd care to know  
People that I meet in dreams,  
The strangest set  
You ever met -  
At least to me, it seems.

The Persons that one meets in dreams  
Are so unfair and rude  
They rush right in  
Pretend they're kin,  
Their sentiments intrude.

The People in your dreams cannot  
Talk sanely of their politics,  
They mop their brows  
Indulge in rows  
Resort to underbreaded tricks;

Their observations make in tones  
You cannot fail to hear aright  
This wretched lot  
I'd rather not  
Know, they are too impolite

They push and jerk and do such things!  
They are so horrible and rough.  
The oddest sort  
To thus comport  
Themselves in manner rude and rough.





**C**ome, Little White Sheep,  
In your woolly white gowns,  
Mother will herd you  
In from the downs.  
Up over the stile  
Of the crib-side you leap,  
And off-o'er the meadows  
Of dream and of sleep.  
The White Poppy Meadows,  
The Droozy-Drowse meadows  
The slumberly meadows of night-time,  
Where lie the white plains,  
Of the counterpane, spread-  
Jump, little Lambkins,  
Jump into bed!





**L**ittle Acolyte  
Of the bedtime and the night,  
In your gown of flowing white  
And your swaying candle-light,

In the great cathedral room  
Of the silence and the gloom,  
By the shimmer of these beams  
You shall read your wondrous dreams.

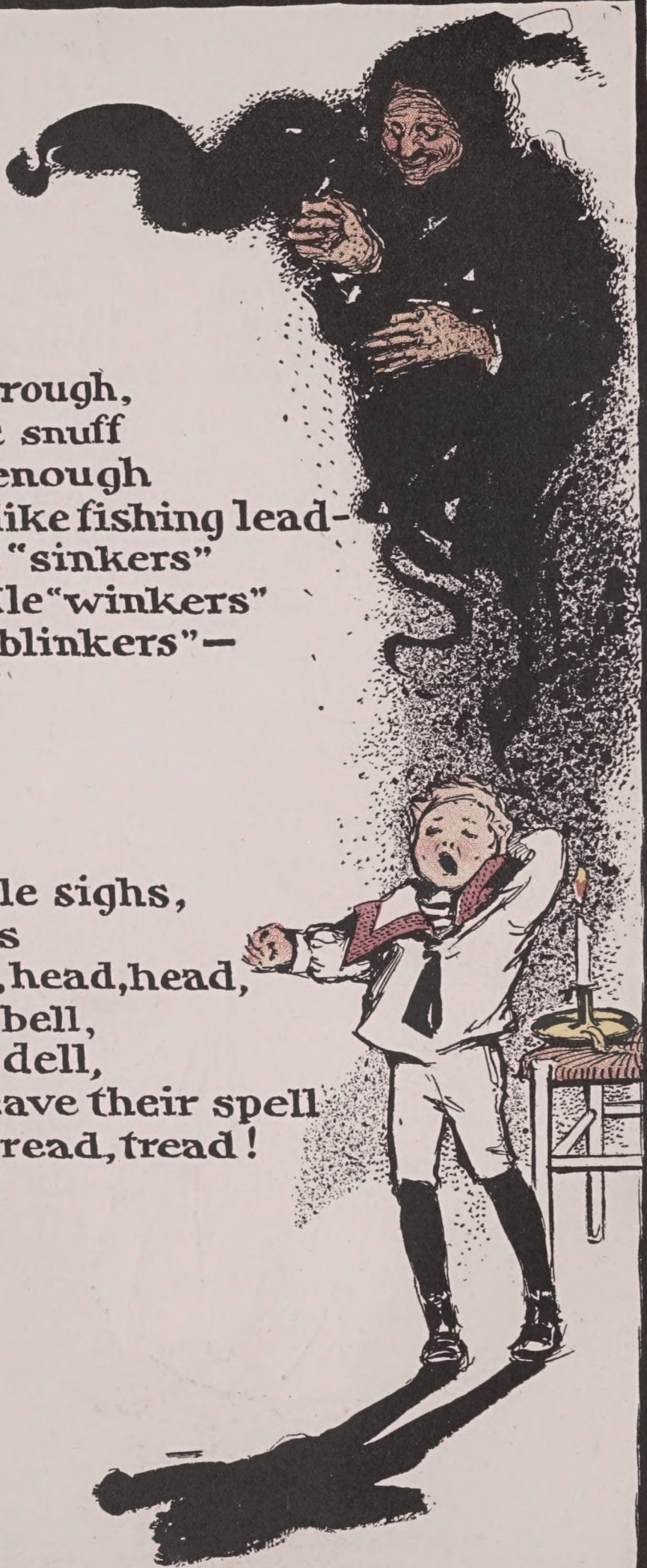
Therefore, Acolyte,  
Of the bedtime and the night,  
In your gown of flowing white,  
Take your swaying candle light.





**T**he Sandman's never rough,  
With his box of magic snuff  
He throws out just enough  
To make you feel like fishing lead—  
Your eyes, two little "sinkers"  
Close their funny little "winkers"  
Like a pony's tiny "blinkers"—  
And "bed, bed, bed!"

Is all a boy replies,  
As with drowsy little sighs,  
He closes up his eyes  
And nods his head, head, head,  
Like a sleepy poppy bell,  
In a dusky twilight dell,  
When the fairies weave their spell  
And lightly tread, tread, tread!





**W**hat is it piping at my ear  
What pushing at the door?  
What is it sets the leaves and things  
To dancing on the floor.

What is it ruffles up the cat's  
Black fringe, and what that makes  
The shutters bang against the wall,  
The curtain tassel shakes?

What is it turns the pages of  
My book, and bends the flame?  
And only whistles at my BACK  
Oh can you tell his name?





**W**hen it is time to go to bed  
I take the light and walk ahead  
And when our long procession starts  
For those lovely Foreign Parts,  
Of Lotusville, I head the van,  
Because it is the safest plan.  
And down the winding length of hall  
I lead my mother grand and tall,  
I lead my brother on her breast,  
I also lead there all the rest  
Of prancing Shadows tall and grim  
By holding up my candle's glim.  
And I- I'm not so much afraid,  
Although I am a little maid,  
I like to have them follow on  
My footsteps, to the edge of Dawn,  
I like to watch them smile and yawn.







**C**ome, let's go sailing over the sea,  
The Sea of the Night and Darktime,  
With pillows  
For billows  
Oh let us sail, to be back by the stroke of Larktime!

We'll steer for the Port of Dreams, I think,  
Past the wonderful Lantern Isles,  
Mama will pilot  
Us on to the Islet  
Of Dewy-Eyes-Dimples-and-Smiles!

Then away! away o'er the sea of white,  
Away o'er the swansdown foam,  
We'll start from the City  
Of Croon-and-Ditty,  
And land in the porch at home.

We'll stop at the wharf of the porch and wait  
To be tied to the pillar-piles,-  
The Captain and crew  
Are just "us two"-  
So off for the Island of Smiles!



**M**y papa has to walk the floor  
With Baby every night.  
It's very hard on Papa,  
Though Baby is such a mite!

I'm glad they seldom come in pairs,  
And that we've got but one.  
I guess that we are living in  
The Land of The Midnight Son!





**G**oing up to bed each night  
Is such an awful bore!  
I cant even have the fun  
Of hearing how I snore.  
For when I wake and think that I  
Will snatch one as it flies  
The snore-box stops and I am filled  
Once more with vast surprise.







I guess it's time to go to bed  
It must be very late,  
So polka-dots upon the sky  
Would seem to indicate!



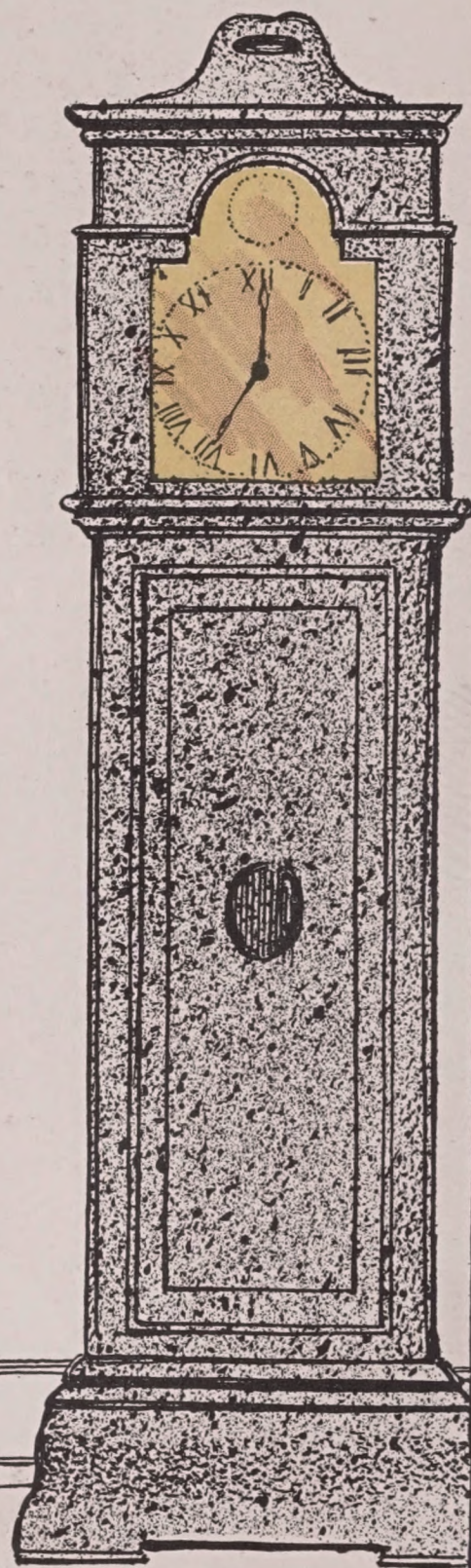


The stars gilt tacks are stuck in the sky  
Therefore greatly relieved am I  
That the dome wont fall on me, by and by.



**A**t night we climb the hills of stairs,  
Where grow the bannisters, so thick  
Like bushes, and we struggle up  
Fast holding to each shiny stick!

And on the hilltop, very soon,  
A big, wood clock-tree stands,  
From which the small tick-minutes drop  
Like nuts within our hands.





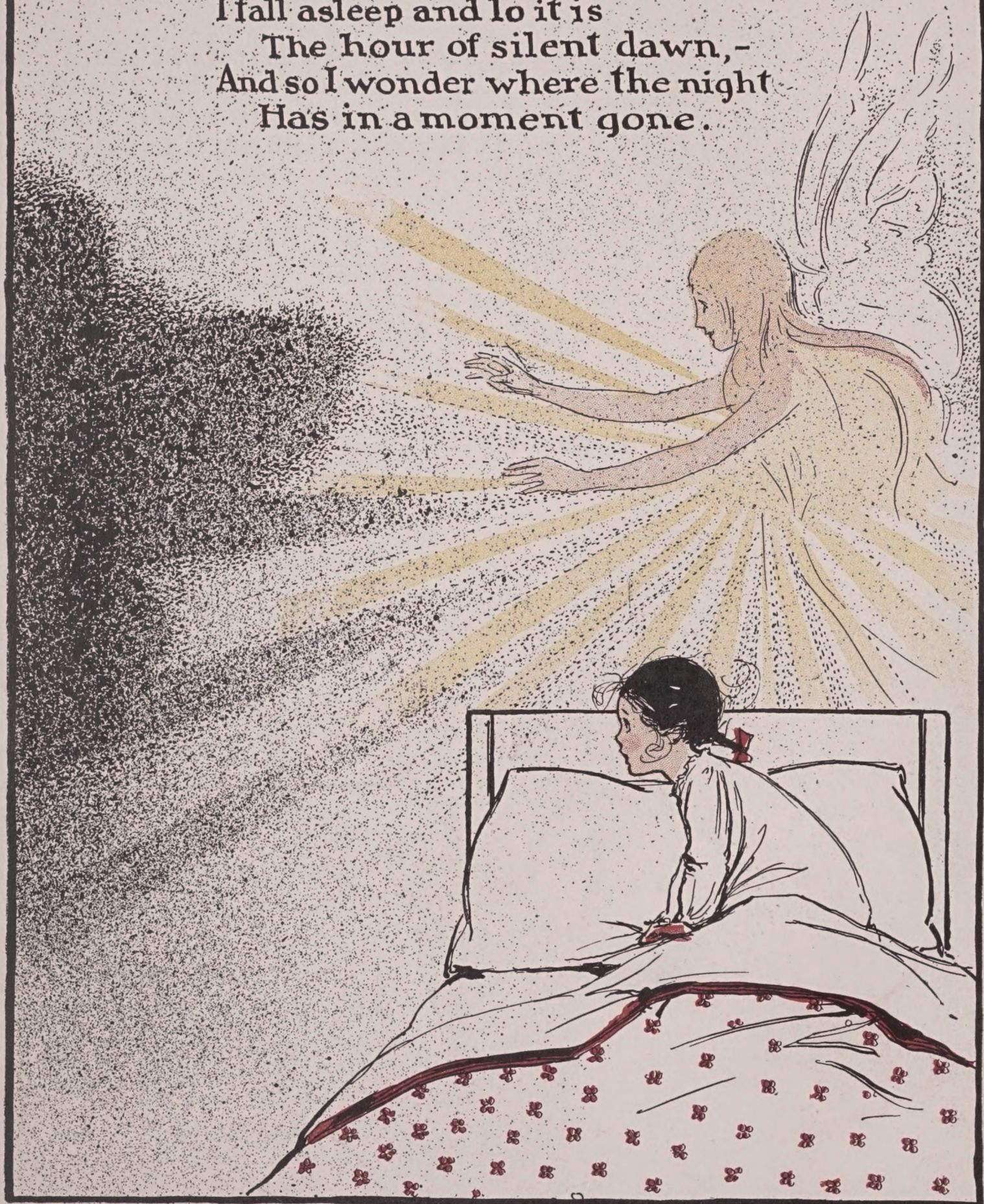
We have a cricket on the hearth  
But oh! it does not sing,  
I've held my ear down carefully  
And listened to the thing.

Our Papa puts his feet upon  
This Cricket which I bring.  
So I guess that's the reason why  
It cannot rise and sing!





Just when I touch my pillow  
I am fast asleep they say,-  
And then in just a second  
It is broad and busy day.  
I fall asleep and lo it is  
The hour of silent dawn,-  
And so I wonder where the night  
Has in a moment gone.





**W**e travel on The Moon's Highway  
From Night straight to the Country Day.

We go into the byways far  
Plucking many a little star.

We go all blindfold to that blue  
Land, with neither guide nor clue.

But when we come away again  
Oh it is very different then

The King of all that Shadowland  
Puts something in each person's hand,

And holding by that shining beam  
We stagger back through lands of Dream,

Following that silver thread  
We're back again within the bed,

For catching to that moonbeam clue  
We come as all good children do,

For no one's ever lost they say,  
Who travels on The Moon's Highway.







**A**cross the Borderlands of Night  
We travel slowly down,  
Dear Roger with his candle light  
And Maysie in her gown.

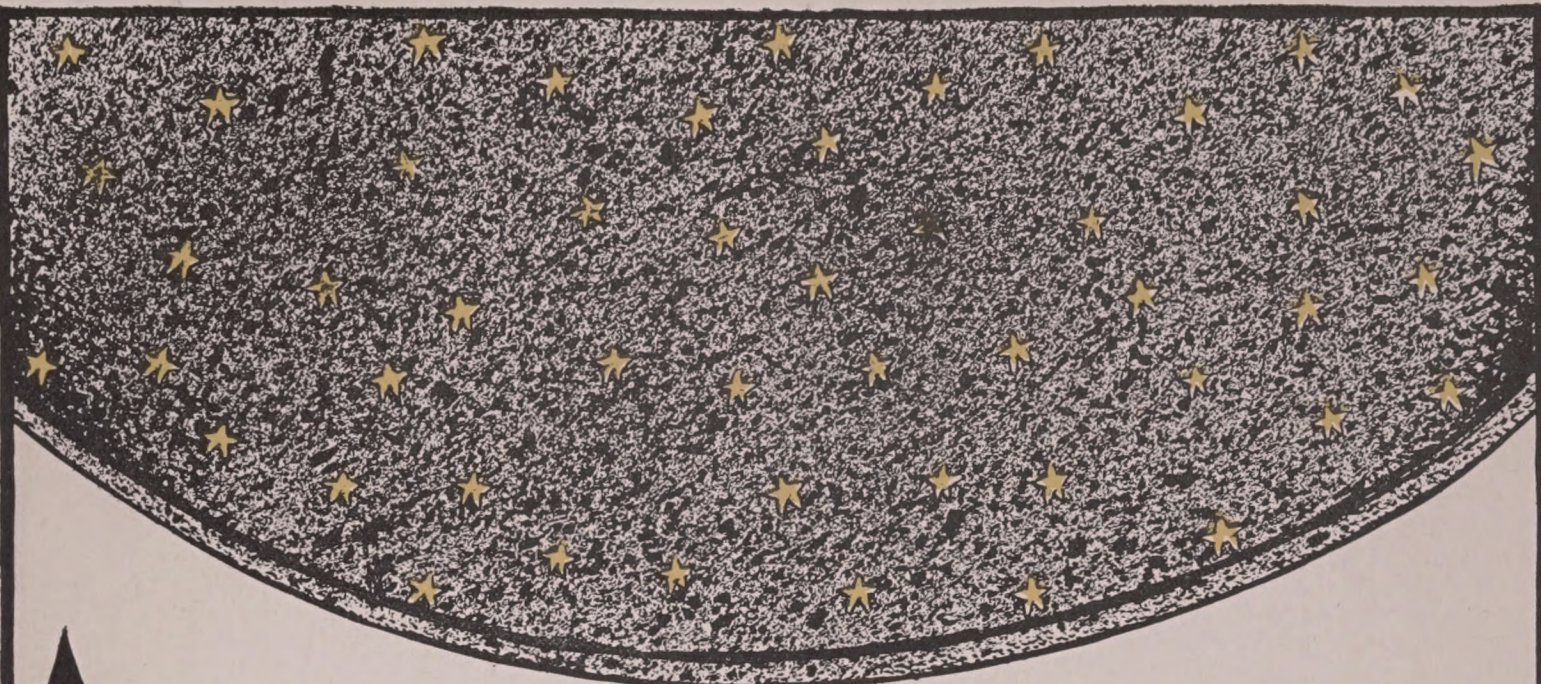
We stumble out among the stars  
As we go trudging on,  
We stub our toes against them too  
Upon that Phantom lawn.

We see the "cow that jumped the moon"  
As you have heard them say,  
She's being milked and fed star-grass  
Upon the Milky Way.

Returning, no one questions us,  
Though we intend to tell  
But somehow it is scattered far  
By Jolly Breakfast Bell!



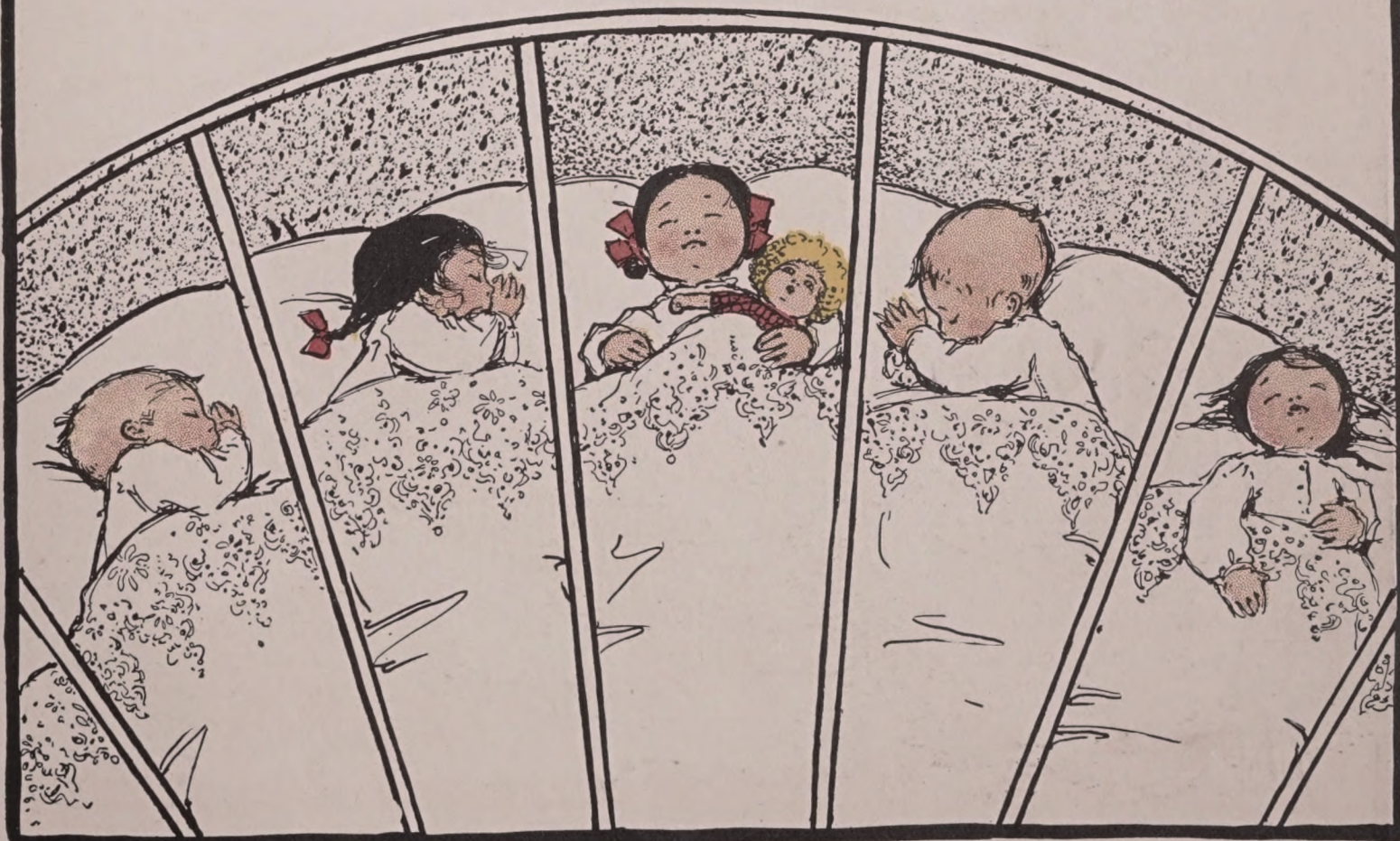




**A**t night the sky is lowered down  
Just like a giant lid,  
And all the little folks on earth  
Are consequently, hid.

The round, black sky is lowered down  
The black ground, rising, meets,  
With hinge and hasp and mighty clasp  
Just like a box of sweets.

But just to let the children breathe  
And keep from "lying dark",  
A lot of little holes are pierced  
Which twinkle like a spark!





**H**ush Dreamline  
Hush Blümline

The world is hushed for you,  
Night lights her stars  
Draws curtain bars  
To hide us all from view.

Hush Sleepkin,  
Hush Peepkin.

The world is dumb for you.  
The birds and bees  
The flowers and trees  
Are sleeping, sleeping too!





**T**he King of the Babies is dwelling  
'Neath our humble roof tonight,  
With his rattle-scepter he sways us  
And shows us his kingly might.

When he sails on the Ocean, Darkness,  
Out over its dusky marge  
His slaves with fan and with cooling draught  
Charter the Royal Barge-

"The Poppy"- "Bound for Lotusville"  
Where the street-lamps are the stars-  
Then Ho! and Hey! for the Royal Way  
Over the cloudy bars.



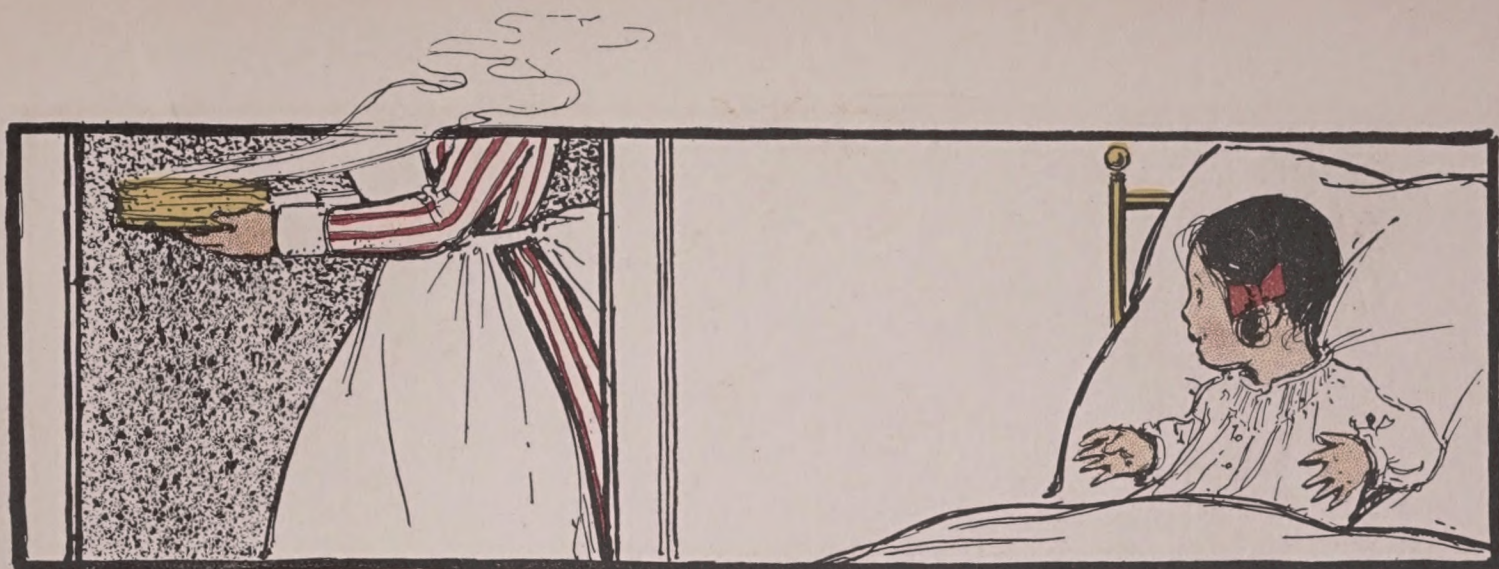




**O**h these Sleepy-heads, tut, tut!  
 They have their eyes all swollen shut  
 Like a bee-sting, all because  
 They lie in bed, and fold their paws.  
 When they're called they simply cry  
 That old answer over then,  
 Like the lady in the song,  
 "Lhet - oh-lhet me drheme again!"  
 I know such a Sleepy-head  
 Wants to always lie in bed,  
 All the morning, or he cries.  
 Let's give him YEAST and make him rise!

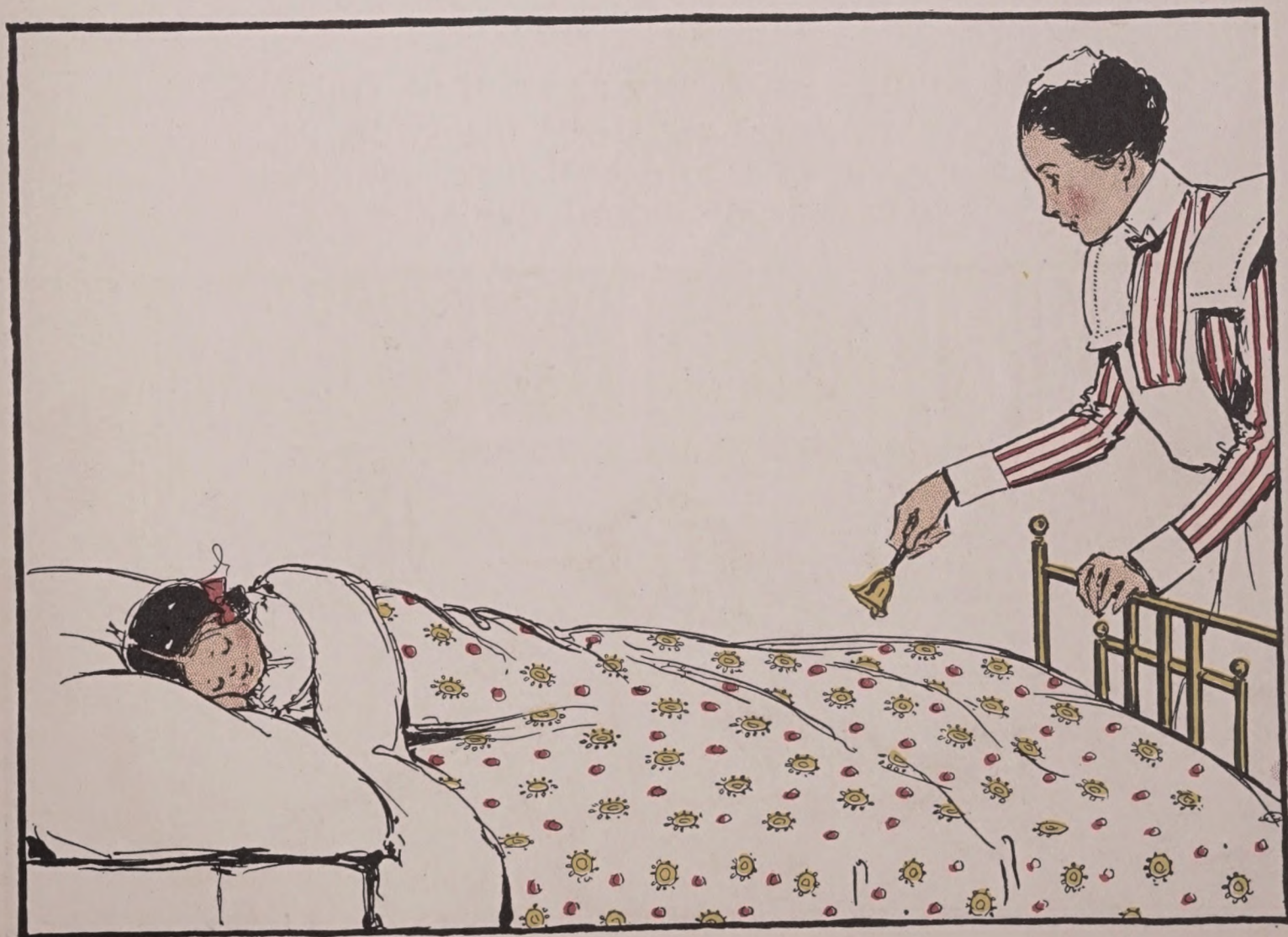






**W**hen the maid rings the bell  
It's hard to tell  
Whether I'm really very well.

But if I know there's a big corn cake!  
Mercy Sake!  
It's easy to tell I'm sound awake.







**I** am a very little girl  
I have such round, round eyes  
I keep them open all day long  
With looks of mild surprise.

That's what the daytime's for, I know,  
For there is much to see,  
For any one that's got to grow  
Like very Little Me.

At night I keep my eyes shut tight,  
At morn they light my face,  
As sharp as two small microscopes  
Within their velvet case.





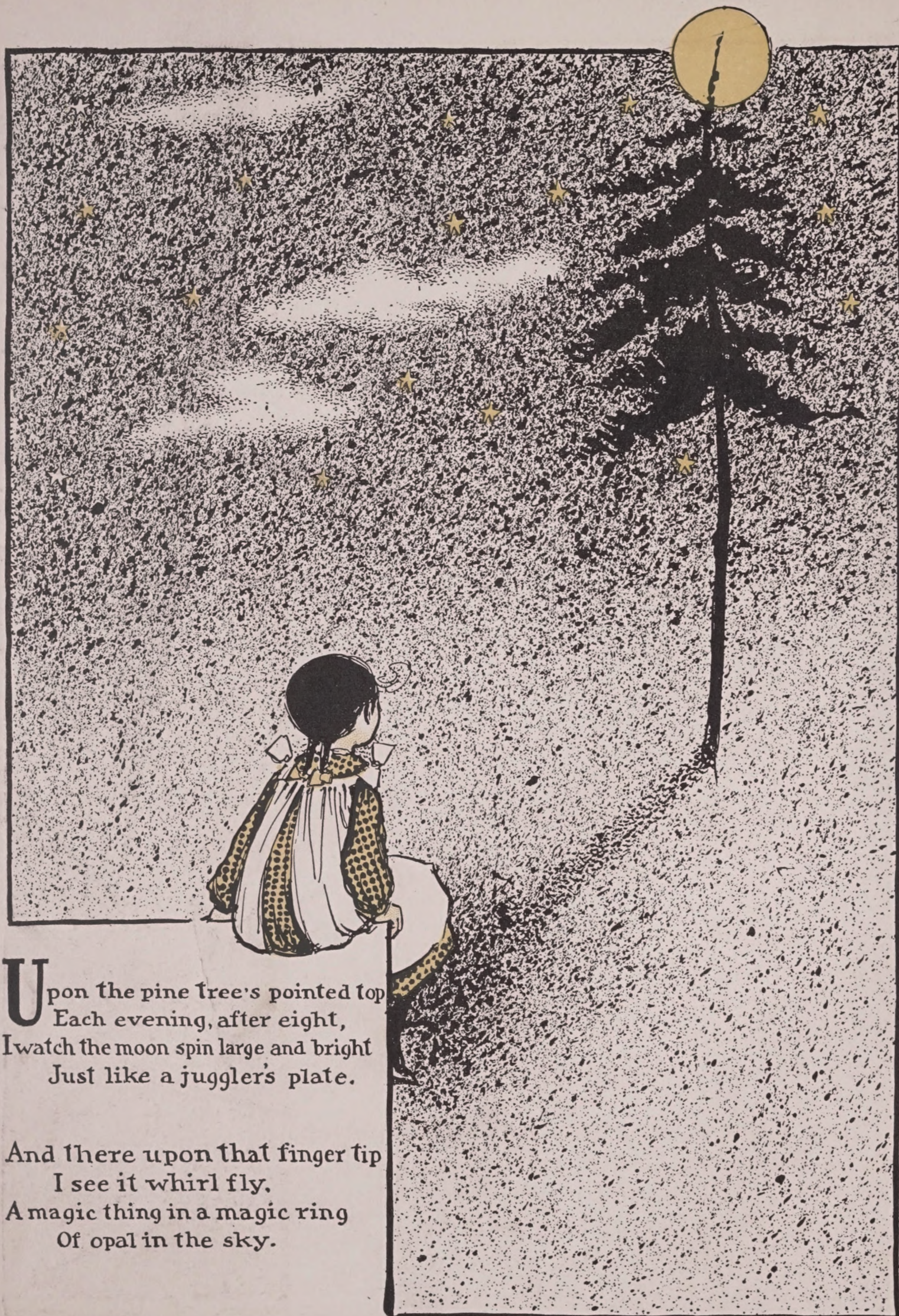
**I**n the land of Dreamy-Drowse,  
Where the kindly kinakin browse  
(These are children of the cows!)  
You may go at evening far  
Through the meadows where there are  
Black boughs filled with star on star.

You, my child, must know that these  
Are the strange celestial trees  
That no mortal ever sees;  
They are planted up so high  
Rooted in the lovely sky  
Invisible to mortal eye.

Dreamy-Drowse is such a place,  
Horrid people may not trace  
You across that shadow place,  
Noise nor nagging never mars,  
You may wander plucking stars  
So let down the moonbeam bars!








Upon the pine tree's pointed top  
Each evening, after eight,  
I watch the moon spin large and bright  
Just like a juggler's plate.

And there upon that finger tip  
I see it whirl fly,  
A magic thing in a magic ring  
Of opal in the sky.





**I** look from the nursery window, "nights."  
And there in the garden, oh me!  
Is a beautiful sight  
For the pale moonlight  
Has turned to a silver sea.

There are ships that sail in the boisterous wind,  
At least so it looks to me!

The clouds are sails  
And they ride the gales  
With masts of a tall pine tree.

The branches are yard arms firm and bold  
They're anchored upon that tide,  
The branches toss  
And bow across  
The length of the garden side!

They dip and slip, and they bend and rend  
And they tip their gilded spars;  
Only at night  
Do they ride the white  
Sea 'neath the light of stars!



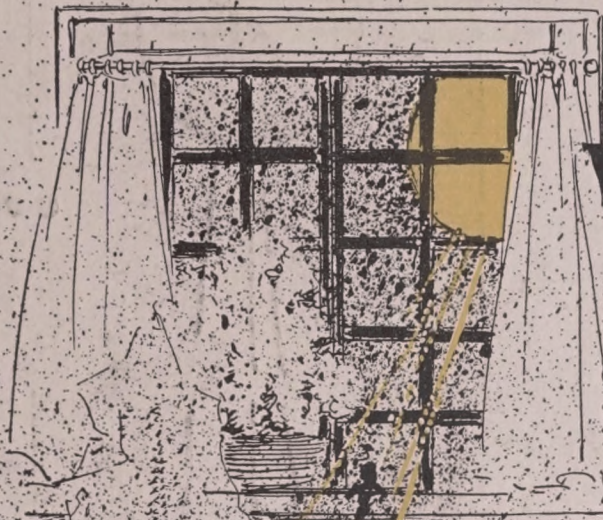
**T**he village where I shop by day  
And hold to mother's hand  
At night becomes a great black spot  
With nothing nice nor grand.

Till Night takes up a handfull of  
The stars and sprinkles down  
The spangles in such lovely showers  
Upon the little town.

And then I see it glow and burn  
And wink a "pleasant night".  
Oh when it twinkles there that way  
It is a charming sight !







**W**e've rented a Cot for the Baby  
On the Borders of Yawnyville,  
And this particular Cot is built  
Of a little bit of a swan's down quilt  
On the summit of Sleepyhill;  
Dream-vines cover its basket roof  
All bending with blossomy things,  
The dainty structure is lightning proof  
When a bell-like blossom rings

Up from the carpet-grass waving there,  
From the Valleys of Corridor,  
The mischievous elves  
Go mooning themselves  
Over the nursery floor.  
Oh the little white Cot of Yawneyville!  
It's a lotus kind of a place,  
Just the very spot for a baby to smooth  
The wrinkles from out of his face.





**T**he Moon-clock in the sky  
Tells the hours for By and By,

With a bland and smiling face  
She goes ticking through the race,

With impartial look she'll scan  
Baby, youth and older man,

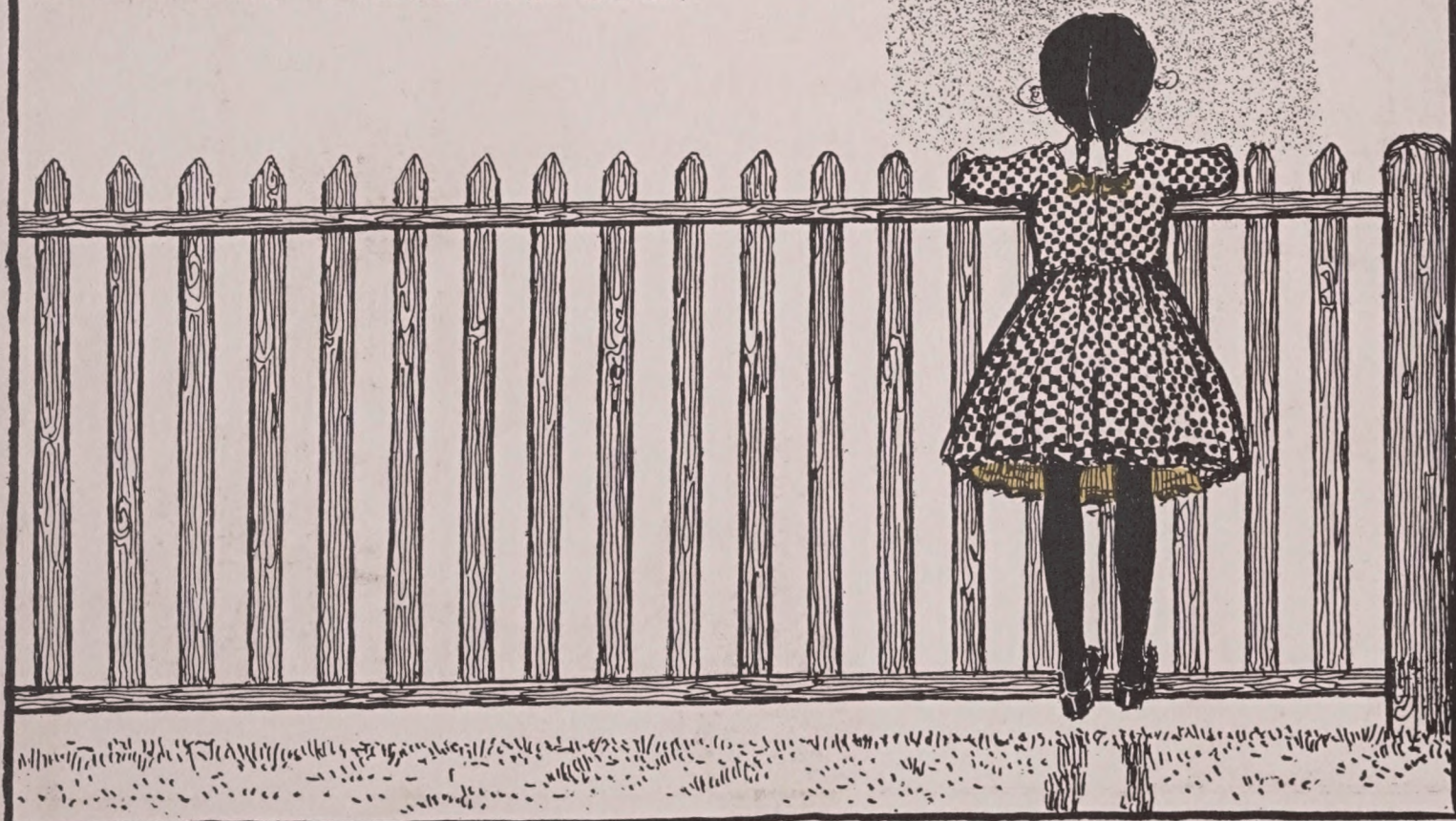
And her pendulum is hung  
With a dazzling star that's swung

By its chains of beams that go  
Through the heavens, to and fro.


And the little babies sleep  
While her watches she doth keep ;

While she drops the precious hours  
In the bosoms of the flowers,

And her big machinery  
Is the tide within the sea !







**C**urious trees in  
Our garden are growing  
Trees with such singular  
Fruit on them too.

They are silvery stars  
And they burst from the branches,  
Whenever they're ripe,  
Just as sky rockets do.

So we will keep watching them  
Every evening  
Until they're all ripe,  
And it's Fourth-of-July ;

And then we will shoot them  
You dear little brother,  
In great golden showerings  
Straight up to the sky !






When I am alone in the evening  
I kneel by the casement bars  
And open my lattice to let in  
The beautiful flocks of stars.





A black and white illustration of a child in a nightgown lying on their back in a field of tall grass, reaching up towards a kite. The kite is a large circle containing a diamond shape with internal lines, representing the moon. A long string extends from the kite down to the child's hands. The string is decorated with a long, winding trail of small, five-pointed stars, resembling a shooting star or a constellation. The background is a dark, speckled sky. The child has blonde hair and is wearing a simple nightgown with a belt. The grass is depicted with dark, sketchy lines.

**I**wish I had the moon at night,  
'T would make a lovely sort of kite.  
I'd tie the stars across its tail  
And send it whizzing through the gale,  
But I can't have this kite of buff,  
Because I have not string enough!




## Night

The Night is a big black minstrel man,  
As black as cork, and dressed  
In navy blue and glowing  
With brass buttons on his breast.





A child with dark hair in a bun, wearing a white dress with a yellow patterned apron, stands on a white patch of ground looking up at a dark, speckled night sky. A large, dark, cat-shaped constellation is the central focus, with a yellow circle representing the moon as its eye. Numerous yellow stars are scattered around the cat shape, representing mice. A rectangular text box is positioned on the left side of the image.

**T**he Night is a big black cat  
The Moon is her topaz eye,  
The stars are the mice she hunts at night,  
In the field of the sultry sky.

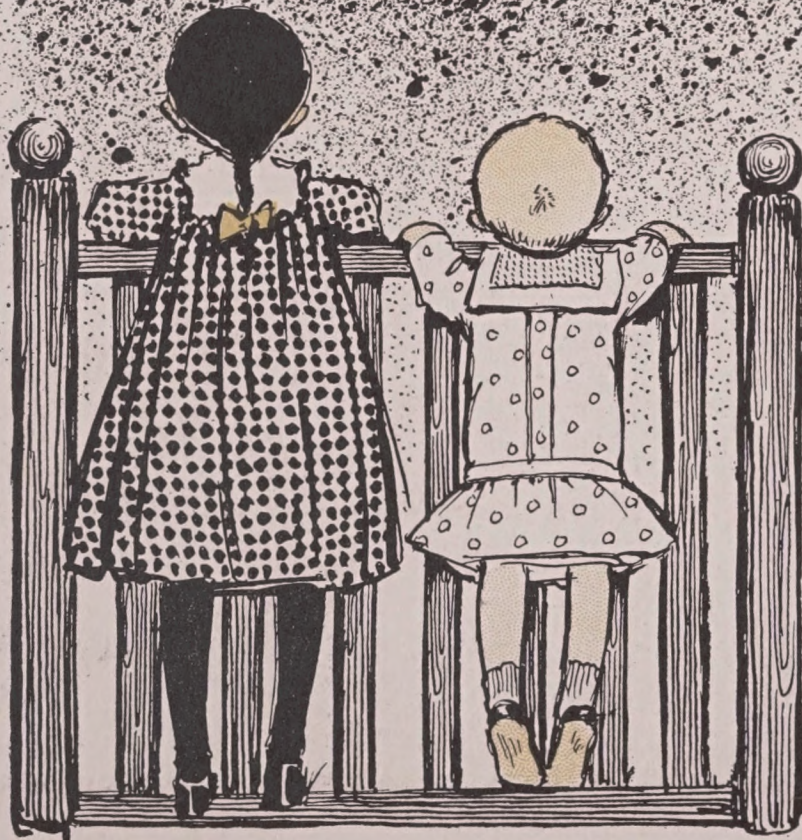




**D**o you remember how we sent  
The rockets last July,  
Right from the ground beside our gate  
Exploding to the sky?

We heard those exclamation points,  
So loud and bold, burst there,  
Upon the great cloud pages  
In the sultry summer air.

We never thought to see them in  
The heavens by and by –  
But there they are as little stars,  
They stuck there in the sky!!



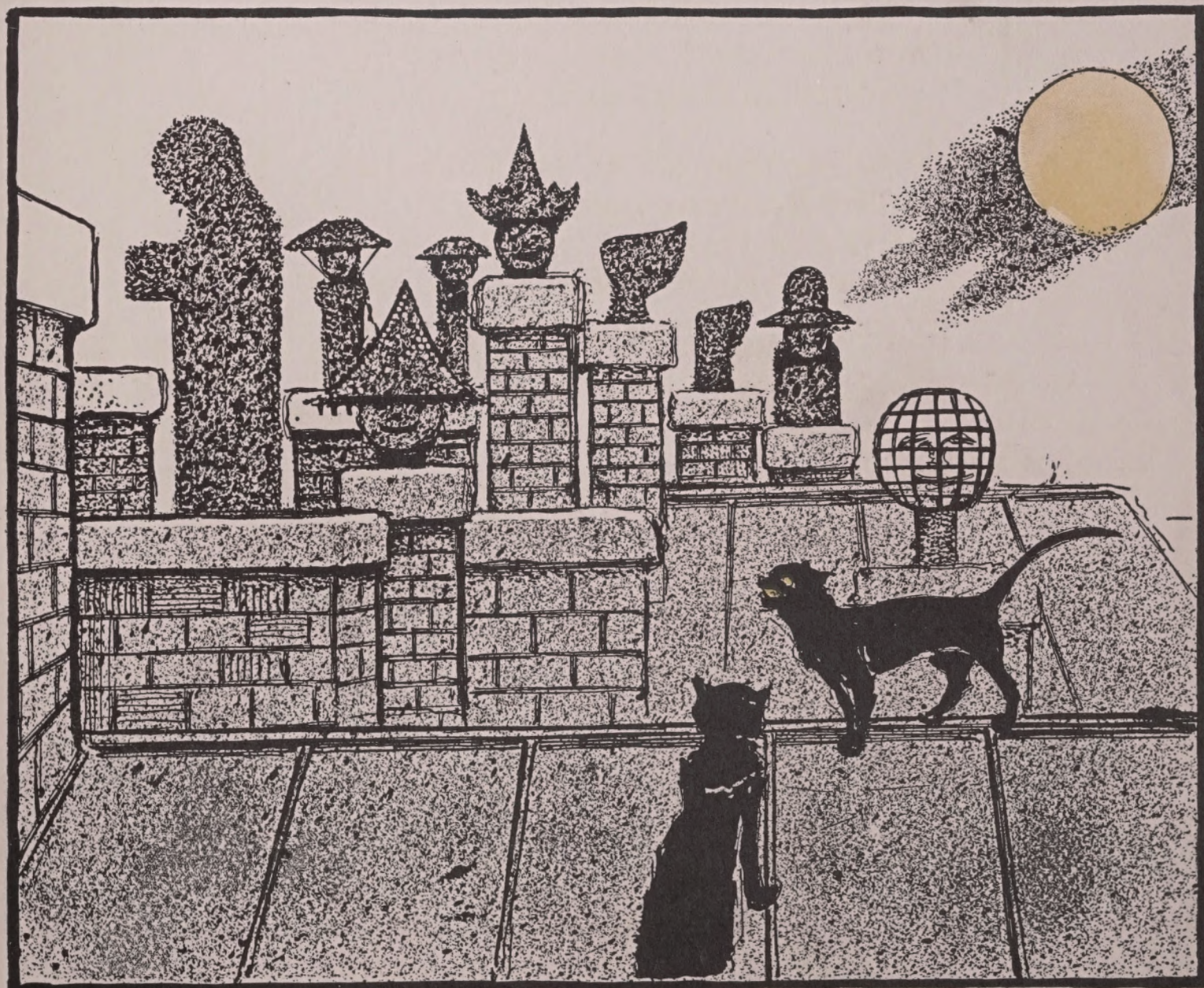


**H**ave you seen the Chimney Pots  
Who're living on our roof?  
They are the oddest folks I know,  
It's like an Opera Bouffe .

There's a Mandarin and Sailor  
And there's a stately Queen,  
And all of them as black as soot  
The strangest ever seen !

Look, there's a creature in a veil,  
(A dusky Oriental)  
A man with bold three- cornered hat  
(A smooth-faced Continental.)

But oh, I see most oftenly  
A monk who stoops and reads,  
Or slippeth through his pious hands,  
The rain in silver beads .






**T**he Moon is a rushing headlight  
Of a train you cannot spy,  
Each star is a spark  
That shoots in the dark  
Great void of the midnight sky.

And no one hears the night-train pass  
As it goes tearing by,  
For the wheels are ground  
Past sense of sound  
As it rolls along the sky.







**T**he Shepherd Moon is minding his sheep  
Far out on the Big Blue Heather,  
The Flocks of Stars  
Will jump the bars  
After the old Bell-wether.

And be off-be off, down the Milky Way  
And over the morning stile,  
For every one  
Is bound for the sun  
And the pasture of afterwhile!



**I** fall asleep—just so—pip!—pop! because I hear  
the rain  
With saucy fingers playing “Tick-Tack” on the  
window pane.





**W**hat is it crying in the night,  
Against the window pane?  
My mother says it is "the shower,  
The blessed shining rain."

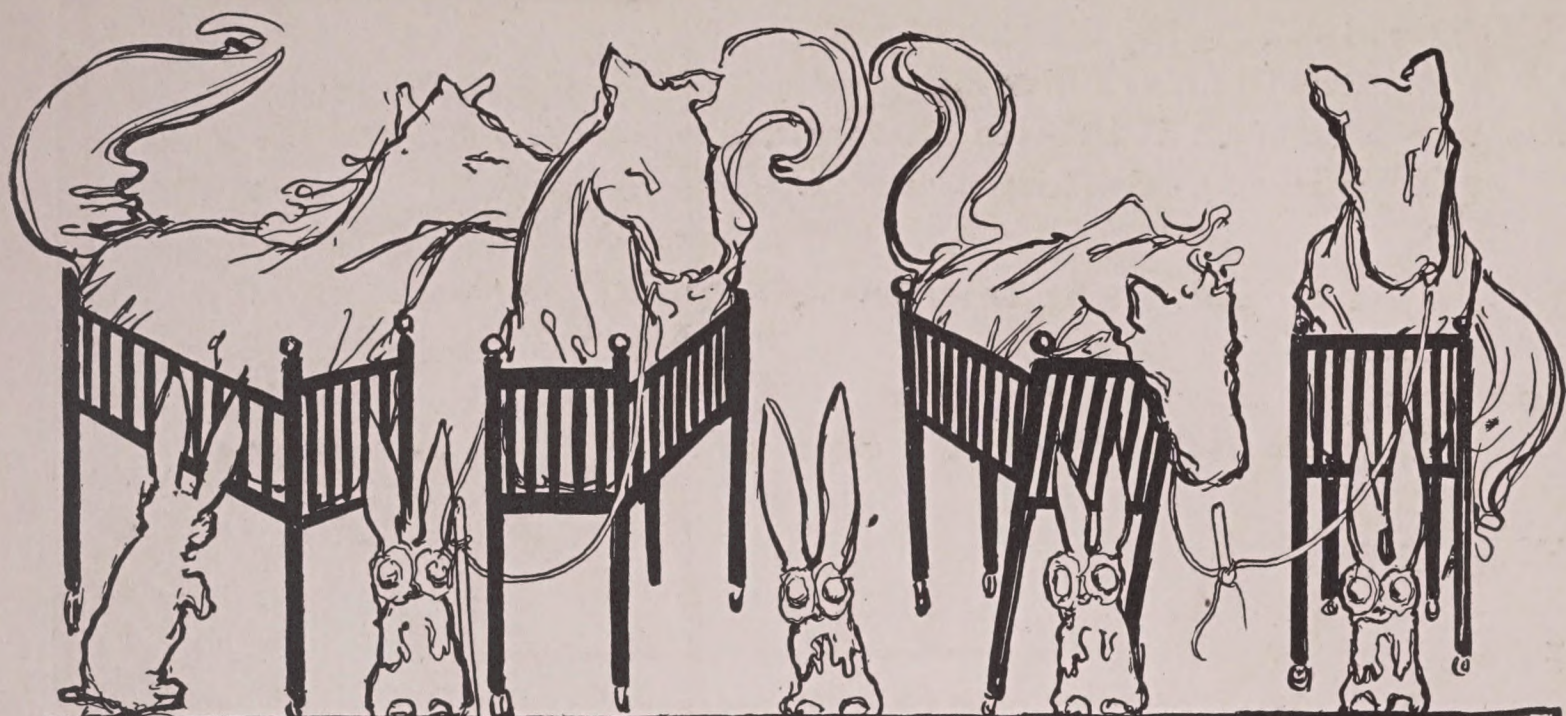
But I, I know it's some one lost,  
That it is someone who,  
Is crying in our lilac hedge,  
I've heard it's loud "boo hoo".

"Nay, child, it is the wind and rain"  
My mother dear repeats,  
I do not contradict her,  
But slip down in the sheets,

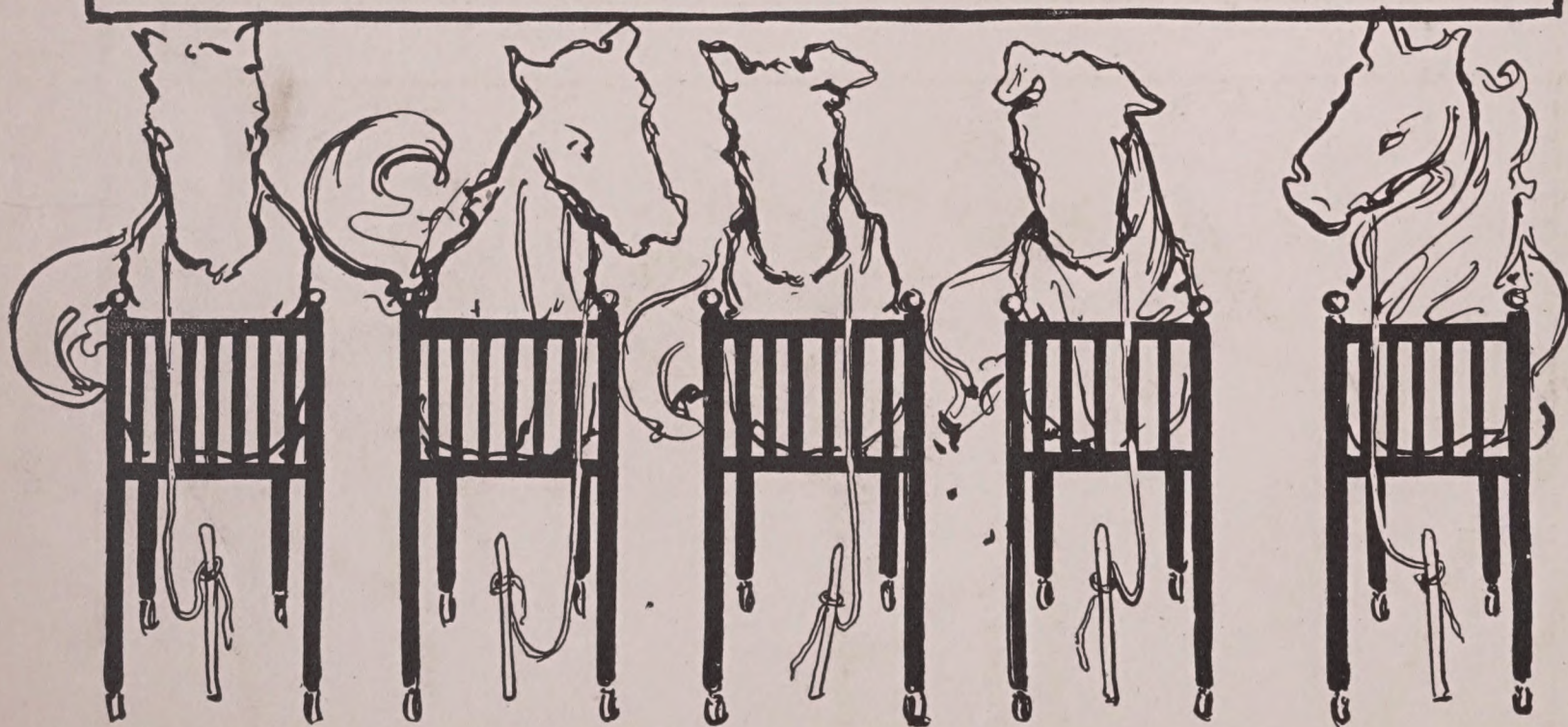
And think about that weeping one,  
Who sobs against the pane,-  
The wandering Mist Maiden,  
Or Rascal of the Rain!







**F**ar out in a meadow of Pie Crust are tethered  
The wonderful Nightmares, a singular band,  
They're fastened to stakes made of cheese-sticks,  
Their bridles are nice, narrow noodles and all made by hand.  
There's a pudding-sauce Pond, a stream, salad-dressing  
Both set in a meadow, and also a Mound,  
Which last is composed of a Neufchatel cheese,  
And little Welsh Rabbits are hopping around!







**N**ightmares have such cunning colts,  
Only seen by him who bolts

Huge bites of forbidden food,  
And at table's loud and rude.

The Nightmare's colts are cunning things  
Come from eating cruller rings

Out of all proportion to  
What has been considered due.

They come from having greedy eyes  
For those little two-cent pies!

Come from having orbs that are  
Larger than your stomach, far!

The Nightcolts only come when you  
Eat much more than you ought to

Only come to boys that stuff  
And cram with many a tart and puff.

Mind your "P's" and "Q's", my lad,  
Try to be not half so bad.

P's for Parents, Q's for queer  
Things that you might like, my dear!





**O**h dear me! Oh dear me! I really declare,  
That I am afraid of the horrid Night Bear.

He comes when the light's out, to prance in the gloom  
All over the corners of my little room.

Oh my dear friend, just think, wouldn't you  
Be scared, if he jumped in the dark with a "BOO?"

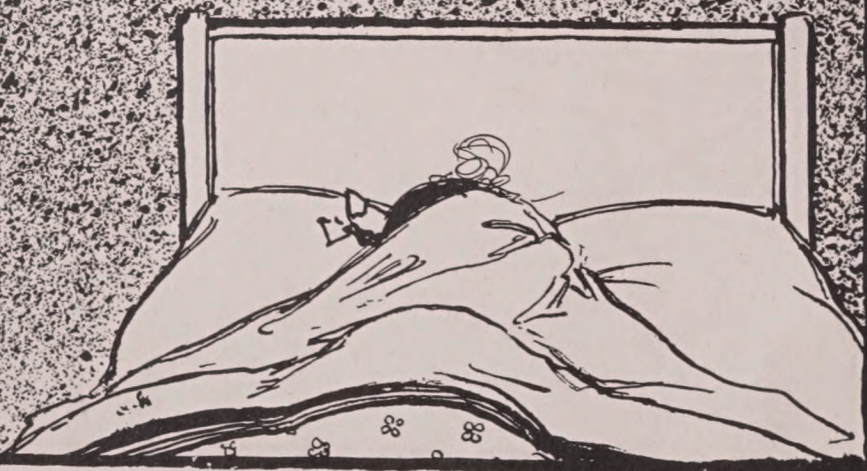
The Big furry paws, I can hear bounce around  
With a pluff and a ploff and a plaff, on the ground,

Of course I can't see him, but then, never fear,  
He's always around when the night time draws near.

Hark! Don't you hear him-oh look-over there!  
It's the form of the awful old nighty time bear,

Whooooooooooooo! Just listen, can't you  
Hear his big breathing go rackety roooooooooooooo!

I know I am foolish to dread such a bear  
That really "aint" living at all anywhere!





**F**ar up within the lovely sky  
There roams the star managerie,  
The Lion and the jolly Bear  
The pleasant Turtle, I declare!  
A Bull, I also see.


I watch them roam those purple hills.  
It is an awe-inspiring sight.  
I'd rather watch them from our door  
Than go to hunt them on that shore-  
The Borderlands of Night.

I hope "high living" wont include  
A little boy like me, for I  
Have done no harm to any one  
Beneath the everlasting sun-  
I'm glad they live so high!

Now they will never care to come  
Such distances to visit here.  
For there they stay  
All night - by day  
They're sleeping, never fear.







The world is hung from the ceiling sky,  
By millions of golden nails,  
And all the night  
While we're hid from sight  
We rock through the gusts and gales  
By a moonbeam string  
We swirl and swing  
Till the Spirit of Morn unveils.

All cradled deep we sway and sleep.  
Each of us, child, and all,  
A counterpane  
Of the mist and rain  
Covers us lest we fall.  
And thus we go  
There, to and fro,  
Till the Spirit of Morn shall call!





**T**he Tower Clock is an eye  
Burning softly in the dawn,  
Lighted dully in the loft  
By the keeper, and upon  
The sleepy city throwing  
Such a watchful, kindly glance,  
Saying "Sleep and I will wake you  
At the proper time"-Perchance  
You've not noted this resemblance  
To a huge and human eye,  
Gazing down the gulf of Time  
As the rushing hours go by?  
How it watches for their passage  
Clutching, keeping them in hand,  
Thus the busy eye goes on  
Scanning all the neighb'ring land.  
Thus, the Clock-eye in the morning  
Looks from out the city towers  
Marked around the shining iris  
With the lines that make the hours;  
Looks for leagues across the city,  
Looks along the world for miles  
And when daylight comes again,  
Looks again and winks and smiles!



**T**he Owl, it is a white-faced clock  
That ticks the whole night through,  
For when I wake, I hear it strike -  
"It's two, it's two, - it's two!"

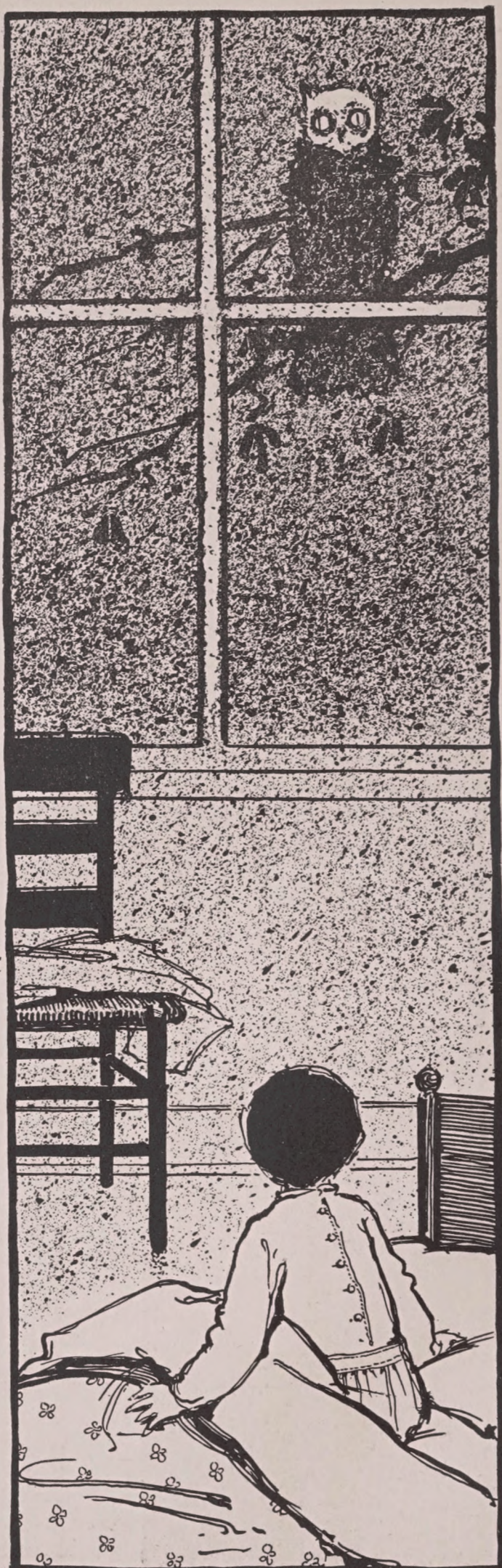
I never have to strike a match  
Nor ask as others do,  
What time is it? - for I can hear  
"It's two - it's two - it's two!"

That's if I chance to fall awake,  
I hear the Owl-Clock who  
Is filling all the silent glade  
With TWO-TWO-it's TWO!

It's strange it's never any hour  
But two and two and two!  
I wonder if the very same  
Strikes you and you and you?

Or have you lived, where in the woods  
Upon a hickory grew  
A little white-faced owl who struck  
It's two - it's two - it's two?

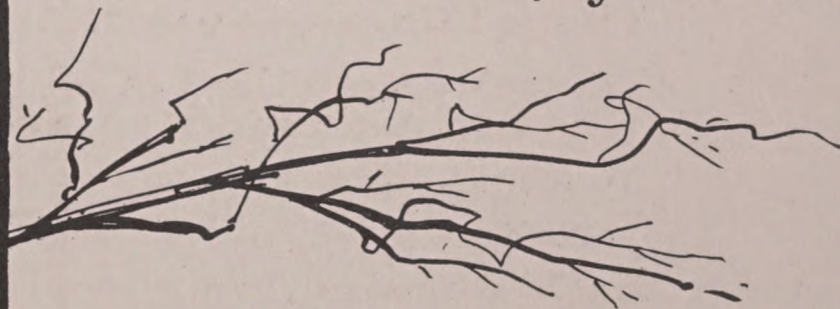
If not, you've missed the happy thought  
That I in childhood knew -  
I did not have to rise just then -  
"T was o-n-l-y two-oo-oo!"



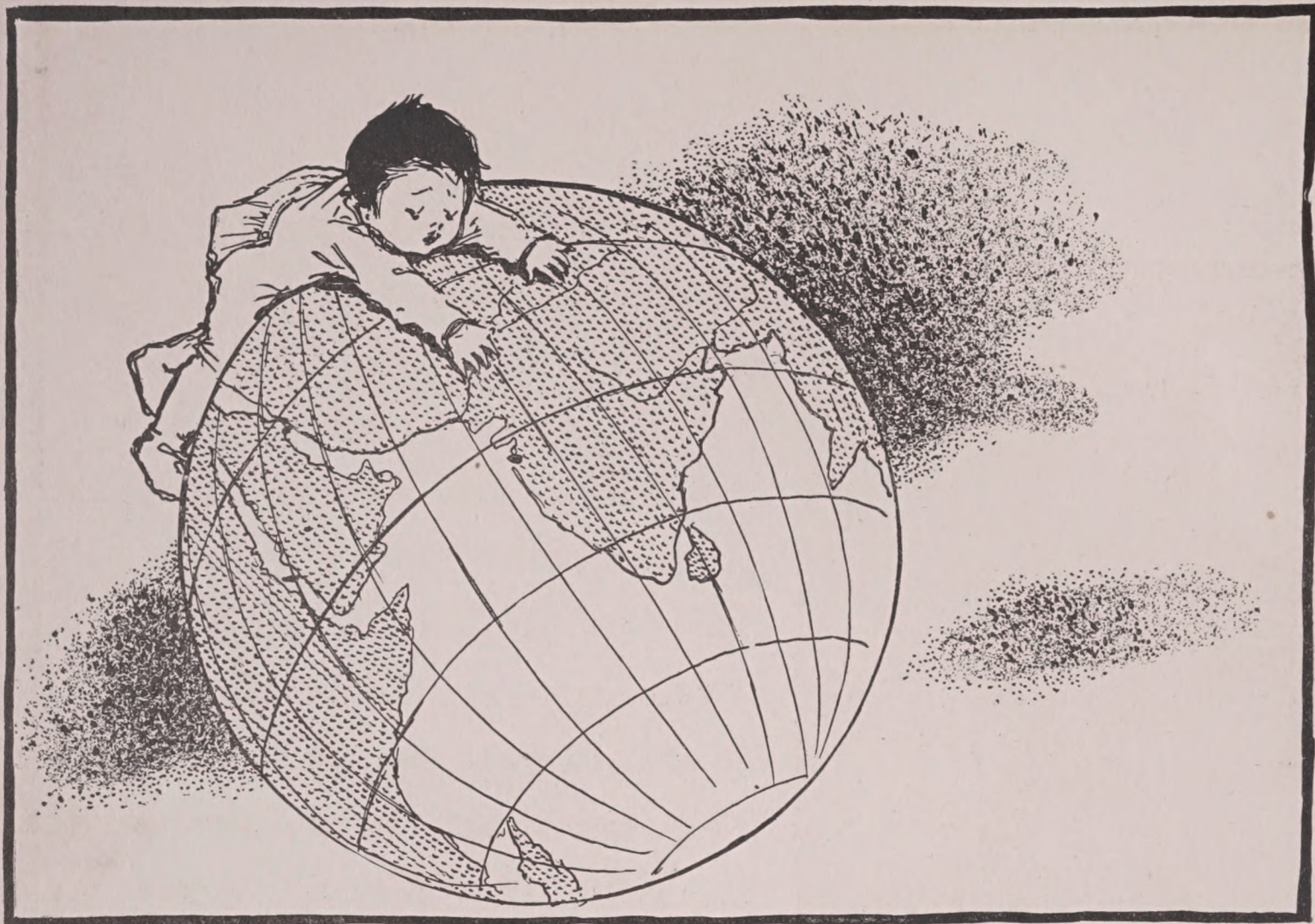




**T**he Moon-Lamp's sitting by itself,  
Upon its massive mantel shelf,  
From its glowing orb it flings  
On our garden magic rings.  
The streaks and stripes of opal knot  
Themselves upon the grassy plot.  
How insignificant the show  
Of the fire-fly's little glow!  
Its candles seem so small to me  
When the Moon-Lamp's rays I see.  
The great low moon that rests, a ball,  
Upon our very garden wall.  
It is the moon-lamp helps me read  
The message of the little weed,  
It, it is, that helps me spell  
The spell of lovely lilly belle.  
I read the reed's strange lines and look  
Between the pages of the brook.  
A pleasant thing to banish gloom,  
This lamp within my garden room.








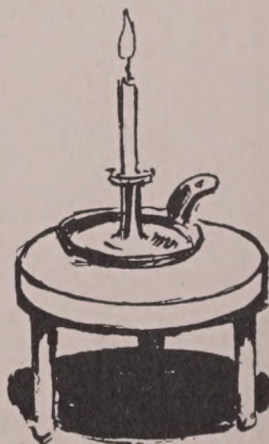
**W**e're always turning 'round and yet,  
I have not once my eyesight set  
Upon the other side of thist  
World on which we turn and twist .  
I guess I'll have to get off now  
And try and shove her anyhow.  
To ever get us over there -  
Or, in fact, to anywhere .  
It makes me dizzy now to think  
That we are standing at the brink  
Of such a rolling sort of ball -  
I wonder that we do not fall .  
Some morning when the first bell rings  
I hope I'll wake up with those kings  
I'm really very tired of all  
This turning 'round from Spring to Fall,  
And always happening to miss  
The edge of that, the tip of this .  
Each morning, I'm surprised to find  
We still are tagging on behind !  
And when I've caught up, you will see  
About the very last of me .



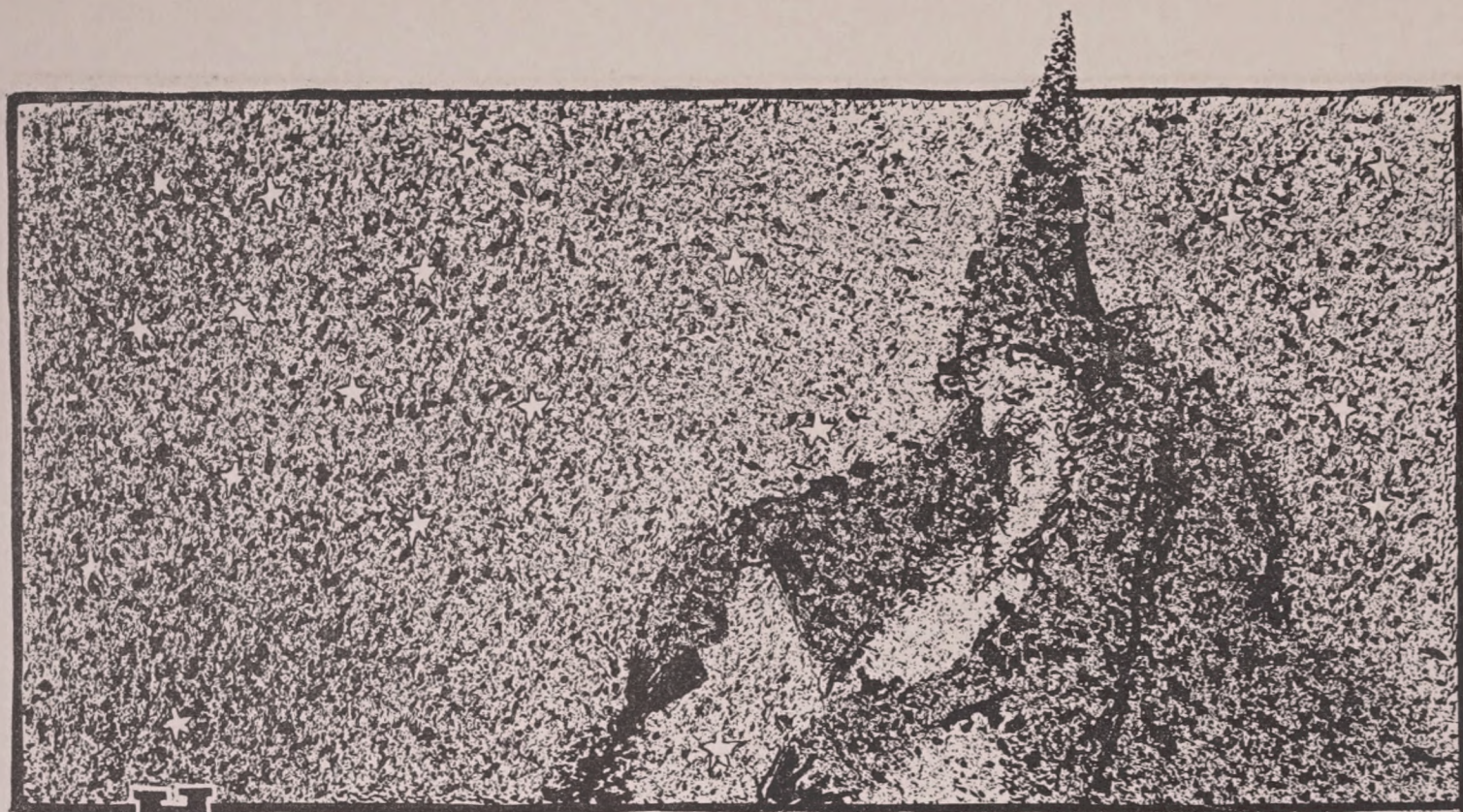


**S**ee the stars  
Through the bars  
Of the little bed  
These are fire-flies  
In the garden  
Blooming overhead.

Sleepy mites  
See such sights  
Because the Poppy Wine  
Makes the Babies  
And the Poets  
Tell such tales as mine!



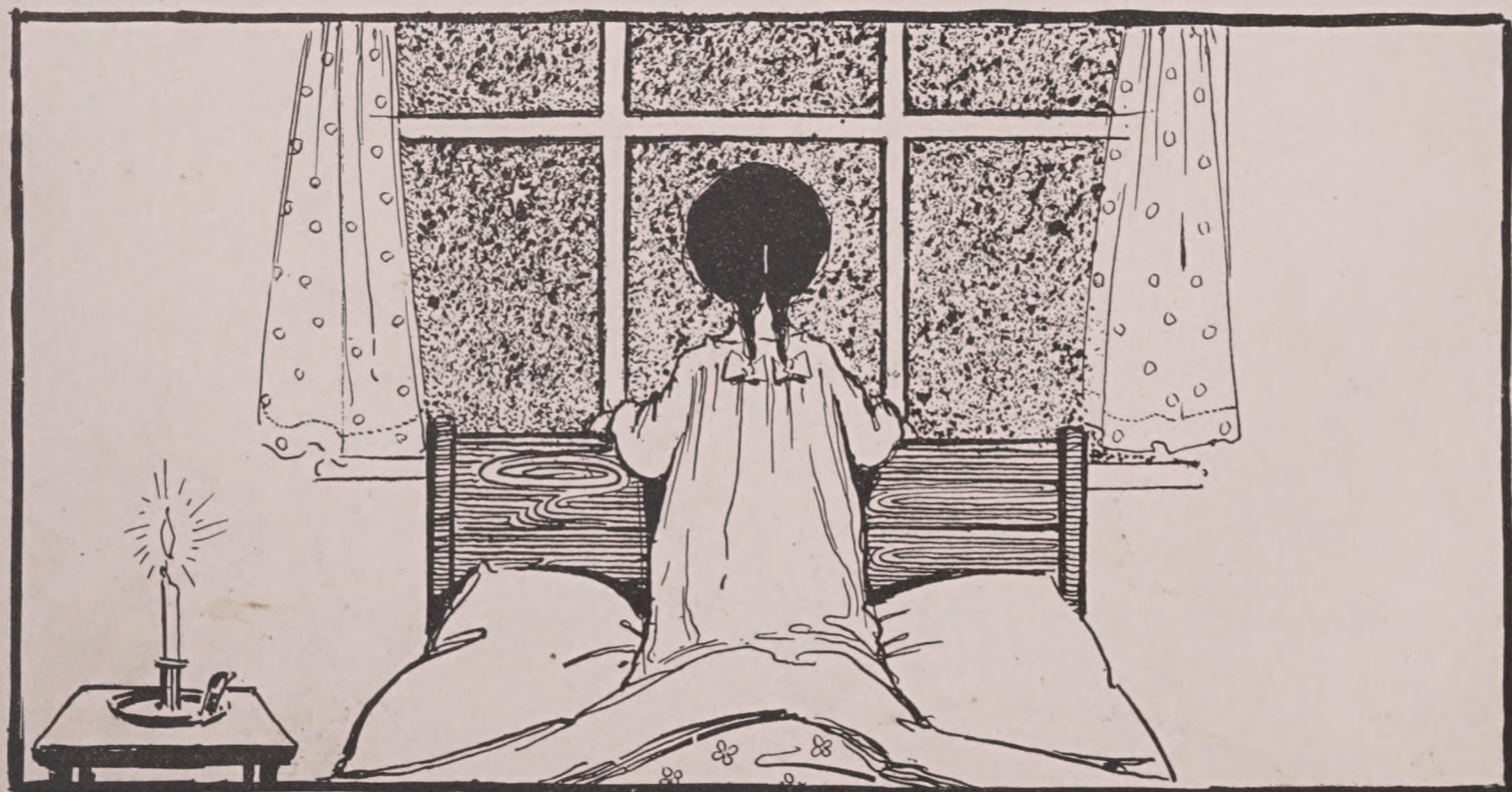




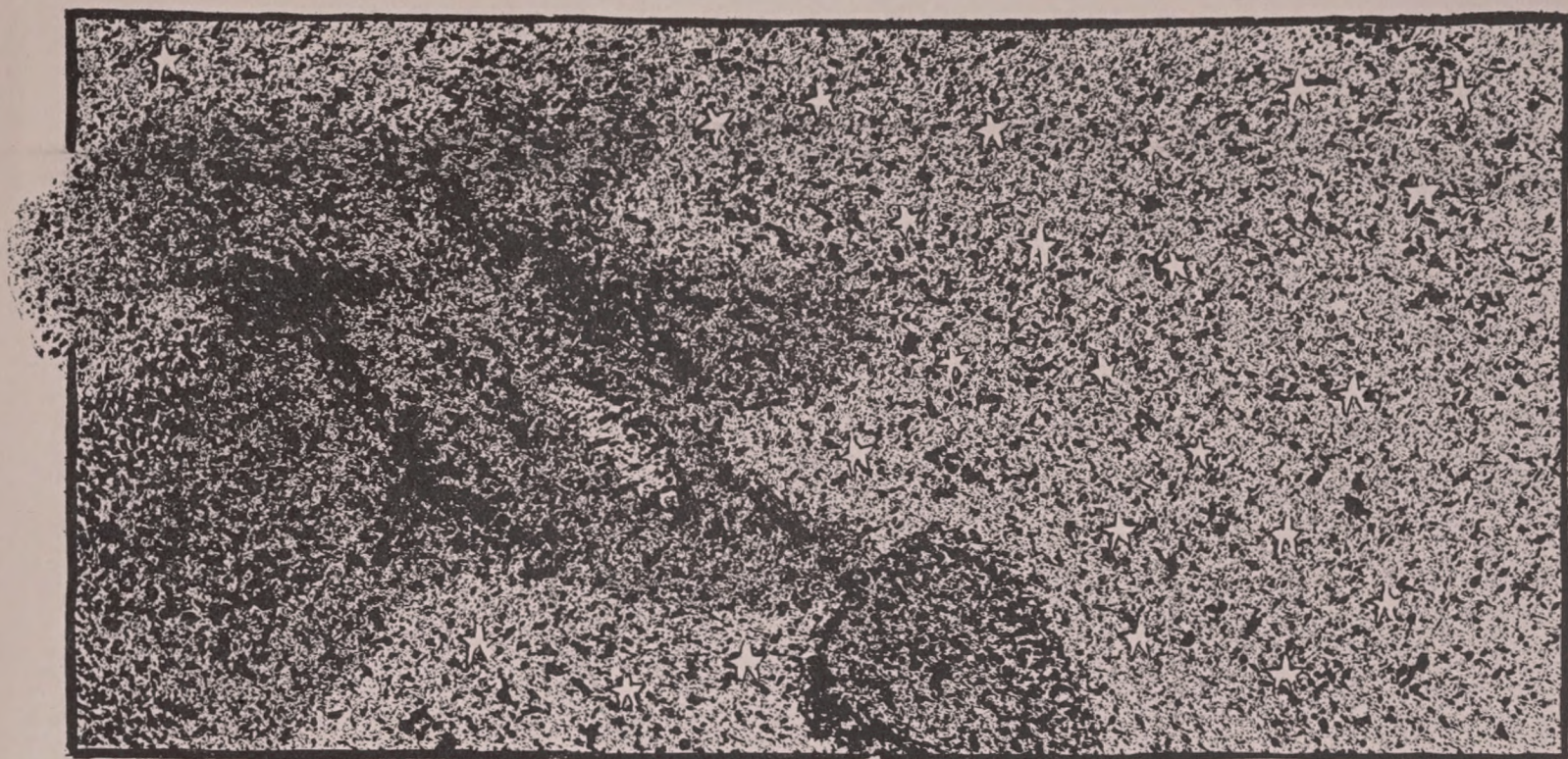
**H**ow strange the world must look at night,  
 Why everything turns black!  
     The sky, the grass  
     The trees, alas  
 The wagon's silver track.

The Houses all are sooty dark  
 The flowers and horses too.  
     And things by day,  
     Both bright and gay,  
 Take on this somber hue.

A bold and stern magician must  
 Live somewhere, dont you think,  
     Who has the power  
     To change all our  
 Fine world with wizard's ink?

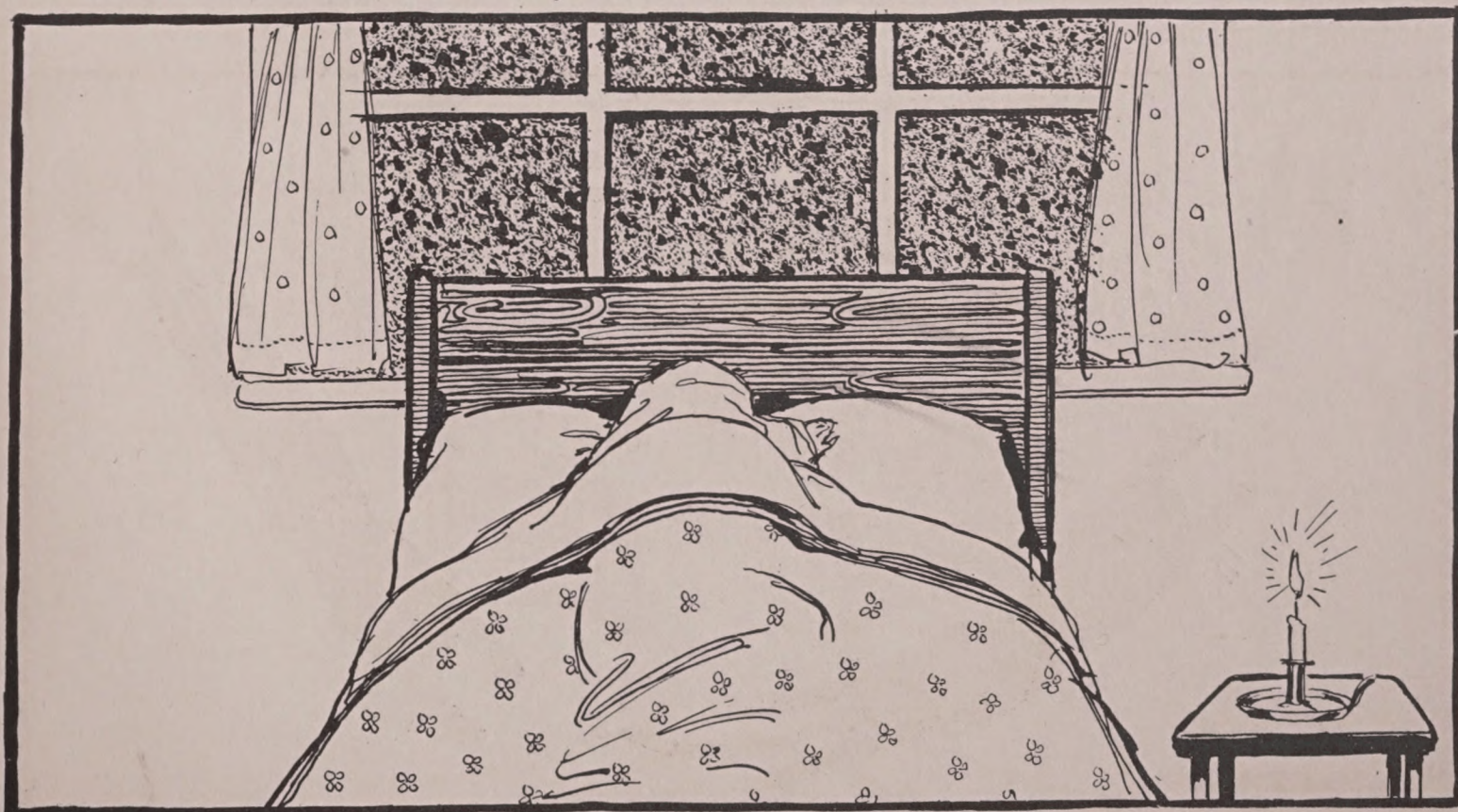







**I** shudder in my bed at night,  
For I can plainly hear  
The Wind Man with his bellows  
Blowing loudly o'er the mere.

I shudder down beneath the clothes  
And cover up my head,  
And glad am I to snugly lie  
Deep in my little bed !







**T**his is the Witch Cat who makes the doors squeak  
Who curls round your legs with a purr soft and meek,  
Who hides collar buttons under the stands  
And makes the best China slip out of your hands.


She comes after dark with a leap and a cry  
To haunt the dark cellar with emerald eye,  
In over the chimneys, and under the moon,  
She rides with the Witch Hag whose "curdilling" croon

Makes the bold shiver and-she's gone like a streak  
She's in the secret of larson and leak,  
She sidles and idles and bridles by day  
Sarcastic and bored at the things that you say.

Miss Tabby so shabby and flabby, you seem  
To turn to a dozen black cats, in my dream,  
You skulk like a shadow behind the "back door"  
I leap-it's a shadow, just that, nothing more!

Then I know it's the Witch Cat hunting rats in the gloom  
And that is no branch tapping walls of the room,  
These soft things in the dark, are her ruffles of fur,  
And this unexplained noise is her wonderful purr.





**O**h have you seen the Ghost Rats?  
They come when it is dark,  
With little teeth  
They make a wreath  
Beneath the washboard-hark-

Oh dont you hear the Ghost Rats ?  
They come when it is night.  
With little saw  
They nibble, gnaw,  
And paw and run and bite.

And yet I know they may not be  
The Ghost Rats after all-  
But flapping fringe  
And squeaking hinge  
The tassels on the wall !



**T**he Shadows loom athwart the walls  
When the wailing Night-wind calls-  
So they tramp along the floors  
Steal about the corridors  
Listen! where their padded footstep falls.

The Nightwind blows and they will come  
The Nightwind beats his blaring drum-  
Shakes the curtains all about  
Sends abroad this rabble rout-  
Sends abroad these creatures dim and dumb!







The candles, in bonnets, prepare to go out,  
So it's time little children were running about!





















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